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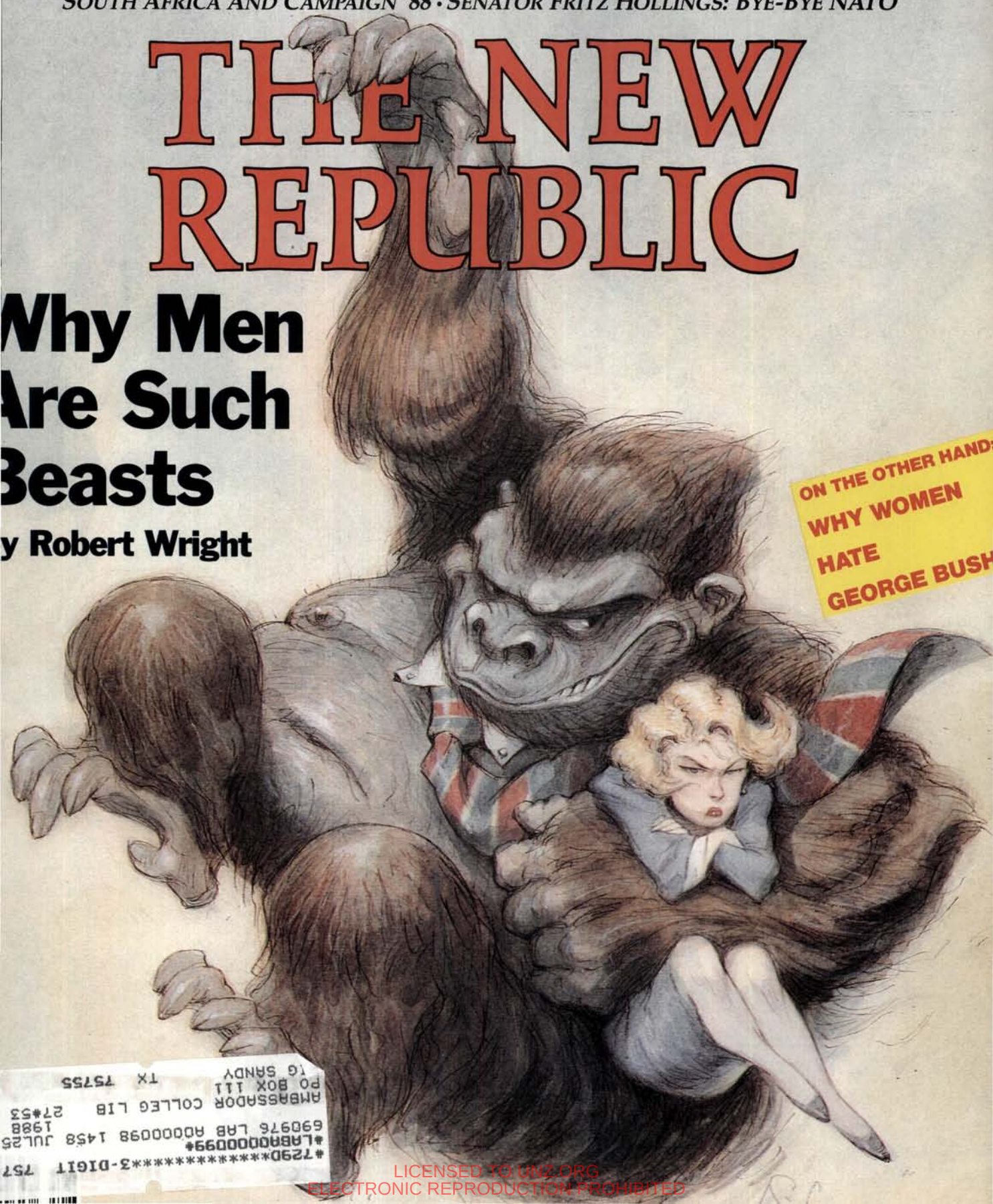
THE NEW REPUBLIC

Why Men Are Such Beasts

by Robert Wright

ON THE OTHER HAND
WHY WOMEN HATE GEORGE BUSH



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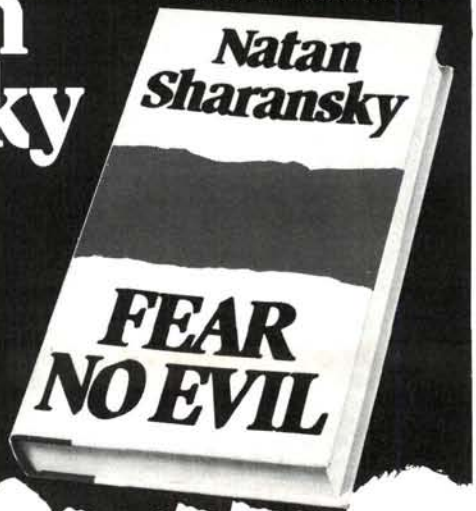

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

One Naked Individual

The Pledge of Allegiance was invented in 1892 as part of a promotional campaign by a magazine called *Youth's Companion*. The original instructions called for the hand to be removed from the heart and extended outward at the word "flag," but this bit of stage business was dropped during World War II as being overly reminiscent of the Nazi salute.

Although the Pledge was once described as "a masterpiece of concise English," it is clearly inferior—both as poetry and as philosophy—to the other sacred texts of American democracy, such as the Declaration of Independence, the preamble to the Constitution, and even the lyrics of "America the Beautiful." (Check it out sometime: "*America! America! God mend thine every flaw, / Confirm thy soul in self control, Thy liberty in law.*" Amazing stuff.)

Generations of schoolchildren have proved their indifference to what little meaning the Pledge contains by butchering its text in recitation: "one nation under guard," "the republic for Richard Stands," etc. Before the words "under God" were added in 1954, a familiar joke involved the child who pledged allegiance to "one naked individual."

What, then, is George Bush's point in trying to make an issue of the fact that 11 years ago Governor Michael Dukakis vetoed a bill requiring recitation of the Pledge every morning in Massachusetts schoolrooms? Bush says this shows that he and Dukakis have a different "approach to values." Is Bush attempting to suggest that Dukakis doesn't love America? That he doesn't believe in "liberty and justice for all"? I dare Bush to say so. If not, what—exactly—is his point? That an America where people are forced to recite words they don't believe or don't understand is superior to an America where they aren't?

In 1943 the Supreme Court held that students could not be required to recite the Pledge. Although it was wartime, the Court managed—as today's Republican strategists apparently cannot—to reject empty nationalism in favor of what America really stands for. Justice Robert Jackson's majority opinion is far more eloquent than the Pledge of Allegiance. "Freedom to differ is not limited to things that do not matter much," he wrote. And, "a Bill of Rights which guards the individual's right to speak his own mind" does not permit "public authorities to compel him to utter what is not in his mind." Jackson even gave refuseniks credit for taking the words of the Pledge seriously (unlike the vast majority who say it by rote). He noted dryly that " 'liberty and justice for all,' if it must be accepted as descriptive of the present order rather than an ideal, might to some seem an overstatement."

Dukakis vetoed the mandatory Pledge law because he thought it was unconstitutional. Before acting, he got an advisory opinion from the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, which held 5-to-2—with three Republicans in the majority—that the law denied *teachers* their First Amendment rights by requiring them to lead the Pledge, even if students were not required to participate.

Dukakis and the court may well be wrong. It's not clear that the law in question (which was passed over the veto but has never been enforced) actually requires any particular teacher to lead the Pledge against his or her will. But this is a farcically small point one way or another. At bottom, Michael Dukakis undoubtedly not only shares the sentiments of the Pledge of Allegiance but favors reciting them as often as possible. And at bottom George Bush undoubtedly would not wish to force anyone to recite the Pledge who conscientiously objects to it.

So what is at stake here is not "values," but rather the tiniest technicality, stretched as far as possible to cover one naked individual who is running for president with nothing better in which to clothe his ambition.

Much the same can be said of Bush's other cheap shot, about Massachusetts's prison furlough program. Republicans, Bush honks, "don't let murderers out on vacations to terrorize innocent people. . . . Dukakis owes the people of the United States an explanation of why he supported this outrageous program." In fact, the Massachusetts program was started under a Republican governor, Frank Sargent. Forty-two states have similar programs. California had one under Governor Reagan.

Only Massachusetts's program, until recently, gave furloughs to first-degree murderers sentenced to life in prison without parole. That, indeed, is a difference. But does Bush honestly believe that the difference between giving furloughs to first-degree murderers sentenced to life with parole and giving furloughs to first-degree murderers sentenced to life without parole (a matter of state policy, in any event, which the federal government has nothing to do with) is what the presidency of the United States ought to turn on?

Bush's attempts to appeal to the brutish side of the American voter are inept, besides being demagogic, because he makes such an unconvincing thug. Who on earth advised this consummate Yale man—member of the pseudosecret, supersnob Skull and Bones society—to make an issue of the fact that Dukakis studied and taught at Harvard? How dumb can you get? In fact, Dukakis went to college at Swarthmore, an academically stringent but scrupulously unsnobbish Quaker school. Someone like George Bush never would have gone to Swarthmore, even if he could have gotten in. And, to the extent it matters, Harvard (where Dukakis attended law school) has always been less elitist, more open to the rest of American society—had more Michael Dukakises and fewer George Bushes—than Yale.

One byway the Bush campaign seems determined to pursue in its journey along the low road concerns Dukakis's proposal to raise billions through collection of unpaid taxes. Dukakis's claims about the potential revenue are absurd, but that's not what exercises Bush. He charges Dukakis with planning to "unleash the tax collectors" to "stalk [people] in their homes." It hardly requires a Swarthmore education to figure out how to turn this one around. Here is Bush, Mr. Tough-on-Crime, demanding urine tests for all and sundry, suddenly going all soft on one particular type of criminal. Why? Well, tax evasion is a Republican-style crime. It's not available to the ordinary wage or salary earner, whose taxes are withheld on the pay stub. Each of these people knows someone who's cheating, and resents it. Would Bush care to explain to honest taxpayers why he doesn't think tax cheaters ought to be caught?

Dukakis should say: "Let the cheats vote for Bush. I'll take the votes of all the honest taxpayers, and we'll see who wins." Cheap? Sure, but Bush seems determined to make it that sort of campaign.

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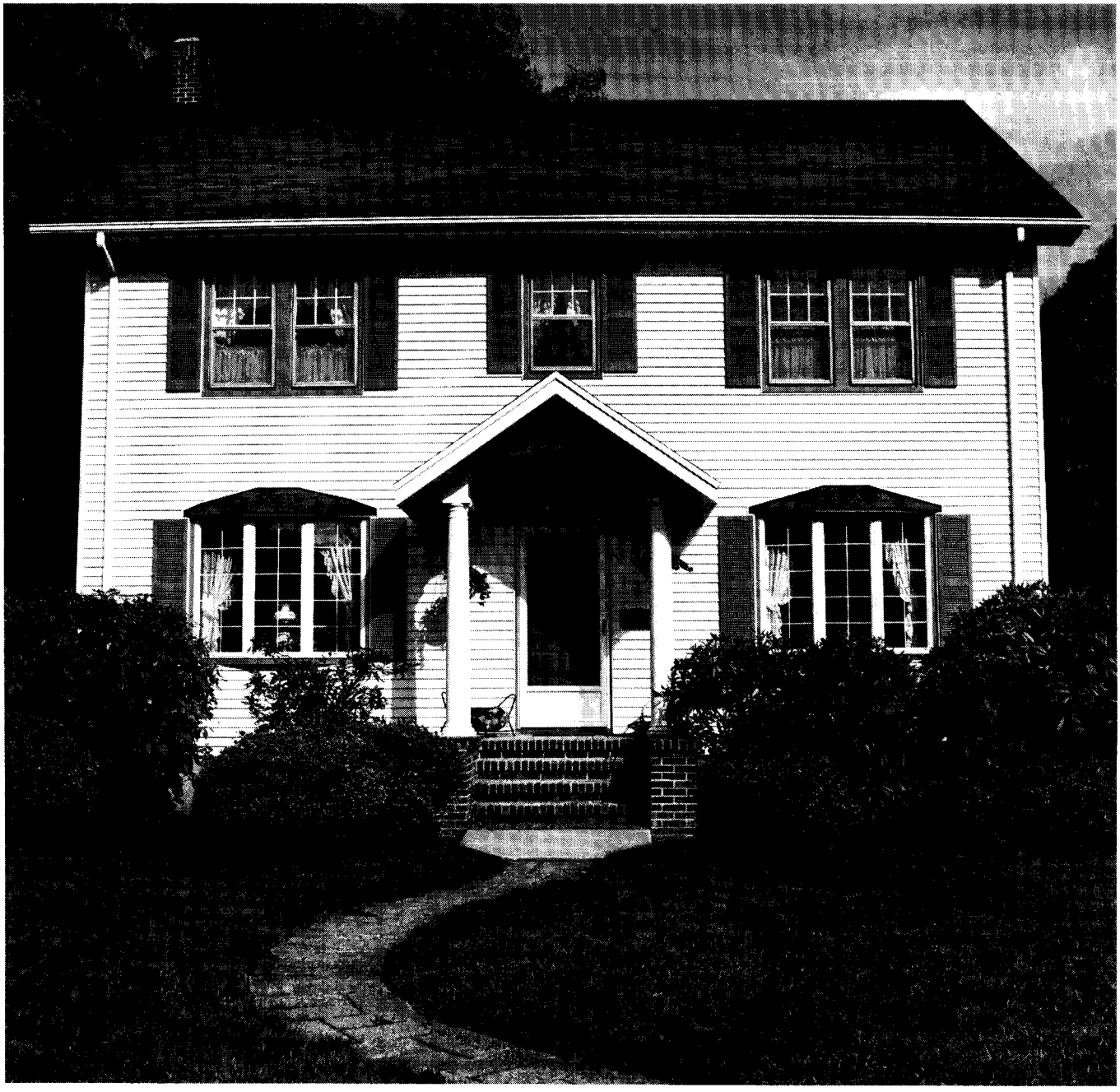

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CORRESPONDENCE

WRIGHT'S ROLE

To the editors:

Your editorial suggesting that Jim Wright was responsible for the fact that House rules exempt from the limitations on earned outside income amounts earned from book royalties is flat out wrong ("Albatross," June 20). I was chairman of the commission that reformed House rules in 1977 to provide a limitation on outside income and disclosure of its sources. The request to exempt book royalties was *not* initiated by Congressman Wright. It was initiated by two members of the House with impeccable ethical credentials—John Anderson of Illinois and Mo Udall of Arizona. Both correctly argued two points: (1) The public would not be well served by discouraging writing by members of Congress. They pointed out, for instance, that Congressman Richard Bolling's two famous books, *Power in the House* and *House Out of Order*, were crucial catalysts for House reform. (2) It was impractical to include royalties under any such limitation because it is impossible to predict ahead of time whether a book will be a flop or a best seller. Inclusion of royalties, therefore, would have been clearly unenforceable and silly.

DAVID R. OBEY
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

The editors reply:

Speaker Wright may not have been the prime mover behind the royalty exemption, but he was among those who suggested it. In 1977 the *Dallas Morning News* reported that Wright, who in 1975 had earned $14,461 in royalties, wrote Representative Obey on January 26 requesting such an exemption (in addition to publicly advocating it). Within two weeks, Obey came out in favor of the exemption.

RACE IN ACADEMIA

To the editors:

Michael Hirschorn offers many useful proposals for increasing the numbers of black and Hispanic faculty in higher education ("The Doctorate Dilemma," June 6). He is right to argue that the recent pledges by several major universities to hire more minority faculty members ignore the real problems and are simply unachievable, given the small numbers of minority individuals who are currently willing enough, or sufficiently trained, to pursue college teaching courses.

But Hirschorn also seems to advance one proposal that is thoroughly indefensible—to set up endowments that would pay students to go to graduate school if, but only if, those students were Hispanic or black. The programs he recommends would benefit blacks and Hispanics from upper- and middle-class backgrounds, not just those from the inner city. Why prefer such candidates over others—the children, say, of Vietnamese immigrants—who may be more truly deserving, simply because of race?

In the October 12, 1987, issue THE NEW REPUBLIC lambasted a proposal to pay off the student loans of minority-group Columbia University undergraduates who went on to get their Ph.D.s. You said that "if economic need is the rationale for this program, why shouldn't eligibility be on that basis, rather than race?" That was a good question then, and it is still a good question now.

WILLIAM BRADFORD REYNOLDS
U.S. Department of Justice
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

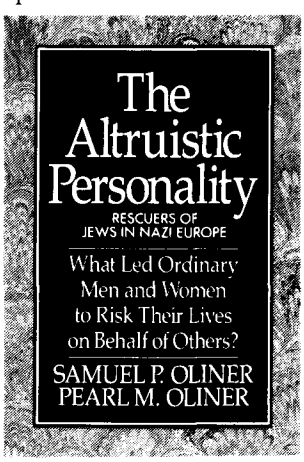
Michael Hirschorn says that as a result of the affirmative action hiring program at Miami University, "a black candidate doesn't have to be the best person for the job; he or she just has to be minimally qualified." He says this type of program favors less qualified applicants and has the effect of "diminishing the quality of teaching and research." He cites Derek Bok as the source of the latter contention, but the context of Bok's words is not clear. Hirschorn also says that programs like Miami's will engender resentment and heighten racial tension.

Hirschorn's assertions show a lack of understanding of the academic hiring process in general and of Miami's process in particular. Hiring decisions are based on serious deliberation in which faculty holding different views seek an agreement that the person finally hired is the best for the job. Generally candidates are compared against each other, against other members of the depart-

continued on page 42

HEROISM:
A LONE ACT OF COURAGE? *OR* AFFIRMATION OF PARENTAL VALUES?

What compelled ordinary people to risk their lives and the lives of their families to help total strangers in Nazi-occupied Europe? Drawing on The Altruistic Personality Project's study of over 700 rescuers and nonrescuers, Samuel and Pearl Oliner dispel the popular perceptions of moral heroism as lone acts of spontaneous courage. Instead they demonstrate how caring, responsible behavior is powerfully influenced by the standards set especially in the childhood home, when values are not only strongly held, but acted upon.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SAMUEL P. OLINER
PEARL M. OLINER

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JULY 11, 1988

GAINING GROUND

The *Washington Post* called it "a sweeping overhaul . . . a dramatic restructuring." The *New York Times* described it as "a break with the past" that could "stand the American welfare system on its head." It's hard to live up to that kind of billing, and the Family Security Act, just passed overwhelmingly by the Senate, doesn't. Though supporters claim it will "break the cycle of dependency," the bill wouldn't substantially alter the mixture of obstacles and perverse incentives that has helped to get the underclass where it is today. This breathlessly awaited revision of the welfare system won't make much more than a dent in the culture of poverty.

Then again, a dent's better than nothing. For that reason alone this relatively inexpensive bill would merit President Reagan's signature. But there's a more important reason why the president shouldn't follow through on his veto threat (and why Democrats shouldn't provide an excuse for a veto by upping the cost of the bill in reconciling it with a much inferior House bill). The Family Security Act is valuable as a statement of principle—not for what it does but for how it tries to do it. By endorsing the idea (in the abstract, anyway) that able-bodied adults should work for their welfare checks, the bill lays the foundation for future legislation of like philosophy and greater substance. Maybe five or ten years from now, this bill's sponsor, Senator Daniel Moynihan, will be able to say what he says about the current bill without having to cross his fingers: "We're going to take a payments program with a minor emphasis on jobs, and create a jobs program in which the income supplement is assumed to be temporary."

It's just as well, in a way, that effective welfare legislation is still years away. Any truly successful program will be much more expensive than conservatives would like and yet much harsher in its treatment of the poor than most liberals can now stomach. Washington will need a few years to warm up to the idea.

Opinion on welfare is delimited by two polar positions. First, there's the view that the only thing poor people need is access to the tools for success—basic education, job training, vocational counseling, and the like; given these bare necessities, they'll pull themselves up by the bootstraps. Then there's the view that what poor people need is to have a fire lit under them; if we can just cut away the safety net, and give them a stark choice between starvation and work, they'll find work. In the middle of these two views is workfare, which provides both carrot and stick. The government helps welfare recipients find a job, or actually offers them one, and then tells them the party's over; from now on, they'll have to work for their money, whether it comes from the government or a private employer.

At least that's what workfare means in theory. Most of the programs that now carry the label—the experimental programs that several states have created with the help of federal funds—are much less harsh. Nobody shows welfare recipients jobs and then tells them to work or die. They're usually just asked (literally, in some cases) to train for a job, look for a job, or, maybe, listen to tips on how to look for a job.

The Moynihan bill wouldn't shift this emphasis dra-

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matically, in spite of the headlines about how it would "mandate work." True, it would make states compel welfare recipients to enter a program called JOBS. But states pleading lack of funds (as most could) wouldn't have to move more than a fifth of their welfare cases into the program. Besides, JOBS doesn't necessarily mean jobs. It consists mainly of remedial education, job training, counseling, and the like. Doubtless this will lead some people to work. But for others it will turn into an endless bureaucratic labyrinth, a game unto itself. No one expects the program to find jobs for more than one in 50 welfare cases annually.

One reason Moynihan shied away from real workfare is that it costs real money. If you're going to insist that welfare recipients either take a job or lose their government check, you have to do two things. First, you must have a job to offer them. Since most of the 3.7 million adults on Aid to Families with Dependent Children (the main welfare program) aren't besieged by corporate headhunters, this means the government ultimately will either have to subsidize private sector jobs or serve as employer of last resort. Second, you must take care of preschool children while their parents are at work. And here we come to the crux of the workfare problem—the trickiest issue to handle morally and financially, and yet an issue that has to be handled if workfare is ever going to become a reality.

Conservatives who advocate a tough, all-stick, no-carrot workfare program like to talk as if the average federal welfare recipient were a 20-year-old man who spends his afternoons sitting on a park bench drinking Thunderbird when he could just as easily be pumping gas. In truth, the welfare rolls are populated mainly by husbandless mothers with young children. More than 80 percent of adults getting AFDC are women with no man around the house, and a large majority of these women have chil-

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	THE DEFENSE WRESTS	—	1
2.	WET EYE DRY HEART	—	1
3.	DEEP END	—	1
4.	CRYING WOLFE	—	1
5.	HARVARD YARD LINE	1	2
6.	PUNCTURE MARKS	*	7
7.	SWEET SORROW	—	1
8.	STEP IN TIME	*	2
9.	THE OFFAL TRUTH	—	1
10.	REACHERS' PETS	—	1

1. THE DEFENSE WRESTS

Pentagon. The procurement scandal may turn out to be as big as its billing, but it's the anticipatory hype that's eye-catching. It was already the scandal of the year when virtually nothing was known about it. It's a new day for the military and the American consciousness, as the military itself knows. Those TV ad campaigns for defense contractors are about to change too.

2. WET EYE DRY HEART

Drought. The size of a story in the national vision is related directly to the variety of images it offers. In this sense, the drought's promising: rain-dancing Indians, excited commodities traders, mud-mired barges. Wait 'til they dump Lake Michigan into the Mississippi. You'd hardly realize—outside the Midwest—how long this has been going on.

3. DEEP END

Carl Rowan. Rowan may be God's gift to the NRA, but this story is one of those touchstones to the culture's racial pathology. Many whites wondered if Rowan would have shot a black intruder; many blacks thought a black intruder would have been charged immediately. Such speculation may be inane, but it not only frames the event, it may explain it as well.

4. CRYING WOLFE

Tawana Brawley. The mau-mauing hustlers of the Brawley case have stepped straight from the pages of Tom Wolfe. Wolfe is virtually alone in satirizing self-serving black guilt-manipulators. God knows why; such characters rise at the eventual expense of the black community. One other thing about the case: New York stories *are* national stories.

5. HARVARD YARD LINE

The race. Will Bush be able to open some room between himself and Dukakis? Bush thus far has had to keep Dukakis's pace on offshore oil and South Africa, and his attack on Harvard Yard only made him more of a Yalee. It's very early in the race, but it may be growing late on one score: yet more Bush persona transformations. These he-man masquerades already seem stale.

6. PUNCTURE MARKS

Drug warfare. The blather level may not subside, but the air is seeping out of the drug war balloon nonetheless. The property seizure policy has been revised, the role of the military is being rethought, and random testing is being challenged successfully. Even conservatives are remembering how the road to serfdom is built.

7. SWEET SORROW

Economic summit. Everything was harmonious in Toronto, what with everybody patting Reagan on the back and saying goodbye. Audible through the Auld Lang Syne choruses, though, was the other half of the story: Goodbye Reagan, Hello Japan. Takeshita is leading Japan to an economic role that its standing has long demanded: ours. We'll likely have less to complain about, but will we like it?

8. STEP IN TIME

Dirty dances. Is there some weird nexus between erotic social dancing and the rise of left politics? There's a lot of improvised erotica around (Da Butt, Dirty Dancing clones), redolent of the Twist and Frug stuff of the '60s. Reaganism, for its part, was heralded by restrained disco steps. This connection may work out historically for the Tango and Waltz too.

9. THE OFFAL TRUTH

Smart toilets. Everybody who's heard of this knows it's a winner: a smart toilet is coming that will give you instant data about your urine content, blood pressure, weight, etc. The appeal is obvious. What First Worlders do with their leisure and literacy is to mire themselves in morbid narcissism, and there's no such thing as enough. (By the way, the toilet's Japanese.)

10. REACHERS' PETS

Ferrets. Hundreds of thousands of people now keep ferrets, of all things, as pets, and the controversies are the usual ones: infant injuries and rabies scares. We went through something much like this with ocelots a while back. These crazes aren't about cuddliness; they're not even about animals. This is fadishness. Has the bottom dropped out of the llama market yet?

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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dren under age six. So the only humane way to get welfare recipients into the workplace is to spend a bundle on day care.

This prospect thrills no one. Conservatives get edgy about the financial commitment, and liberals get squeamish about the moral question: Can a compassionate society force a 20-year-old high-school dropout with three kids to make her already bleak life even less bearable by adding 40 hours a week on an assembly line? The answer is, yes. And the reason isn't just that any workfare program of truly broad sweep must by definition reach single mothers of young children. The reason is that workfare is ideally suited to deliver an urgent message: don't have children unless you can support them. Forcing women to juggle motherhood with a job isn't the nicest way to drive this point home, but if the squalor of poverty hasn't done the trick, then nothing less will.

This is the point that virtually no politician wants to make audibly. Yes, workfare is supposed to help its clients in the long run, by getting them out of the poverty culture and into the job culture. But workfare is also a way to reduce the number of children born into the culture of poverty—which means that its purpose is partly to make having a baby on welfare an even more unpleasant experience than it is now. (The Moynihan bill also tries, laudably but to questionable effect, to perform the trickier task of discouraging *fathers* from creating kids they can't or won't support. It provides for locating delinquent fathers and withholding child support from their paychecks.)

HOWEVER they shy away from this stark formulation of the problem, politicians can't help but accept it once it's turned inside out: if mothers of young children are exempted from work requirements, then they're encouraged to have more children in order to stay exempted. Getting more babies born fatherless into the underclass isn't high on anyone's policy agenda. In other words, real workfare *can't help* but alter the incentives governing how many children are born into poverty—would you rather have more or fewer?

This logic leads quickly to the conclusion that even mothers of the *very* young shouldn't be exempt from work requirements. Consider the Moynihan bill. On the surface, its eligibility rules seem quite harsh. Whereas most states with "workfare" programs have exempted mothers with children under six, Moynihan exempts from the JOBS program only those with children under three (a threshold that leaves about half of welfare mothers exempt). This sounds like progress, but it may be a step backward. Previously you needed a baby every six years to keep your benefits without signing up for workfare. Now you need a baby every three years. To be sure, countervailing considerations exist, and all told a three-year-old threshold is almost certainly more effective than a six-year-old threshold. Still, the only way to make reasonably sure that a workfare system doesn't expand the welfare population is to exempt only mothers with children, say, six months old or younger.

For that reason, one of the least heralded aspects of the Family Security Act is among the most significant. The bill permits states to make the eligibility threshold quite low, so that only a child less than a year old will excuse a mother from the JOBS program. If a few states try this, and make an effort to skew the JOBS program away from training and toward real work, the result will be some genuine experiments in workfare.

It's natural to worry about the wisdom of taking children only a year old out of their homes. But in many of these cases, preschool children would be better off— nutritionally and educationally, at least—in well-run day-care centers than they are at home. Indeed, if the culture of poverty is what we believe it is—a realm in which despair and neglect often begin to take their toll in infancy—then the compassionate, liberal and conservative alike, should welcome this opportunity for early intervention. For conservatives, that will mean overcoming their general abhorrence of day care.

Exploiting the opportunity calls for day-care accommodations a cut above Acme child-care center—yet another reminder that a real solution to the welfare problem is going to cost money. How much? There's no telling, but it's safe to say that the sum will dwarf the $2.8 billion the Moynihan bill would spend over five years.

It's possible that the Family Security Act will improve conditions for the poor only enough to forestall further reform. As the baby boom generation heads toward middle age, and leaves a vacuum in its wake, the labor market will no doubt snap up some JOBS program graduates. That, in fact, is what Moynihan is explicitly counting on. But if in five years the underclass remains—even with that demographic boost—a large population, still isolated from the American economy, it will be time to come up with a welfare bill that deserves the headlines this one got.

NOTEBOOK

□ CARL'S LITTLE DETROIT: What if the columnist had been a white conservative and the kid had been black? Amusingly, that's what both sides are asking, with equal indignation, in the debate over Carl Rowan's shooting of a teenager who climbed over a fence and used his swimming pool. Jesse Jackson says that if a black inner-city kid had trespassed on Patrick Buchanan's property, charges wouldn't have been dropped as they were in the case of the white kid from posh Chevy Chase. Conservatives say that if a white man had shot and injured a black kid under the same circumstances, Carl Rowan himself would have written yet another column on the need for gun control and few blacks would be heard waxing solemn about a man's home being his castle. Jackson is probably wrong about the charges being dropped. Washington police have more pressing business than prosecuting a kid for stealing a swim, especially a kid who's already been shot as a

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result. Conservatives are probably right about Rowan. The columnist's attempt to resolve the contradiction between his beliefs and his actions—he's for gun control, but first society must eliminate crime and drugs—is singularly unpersuasive. Nevertheless, the Rowan episode is an argument *for* gun control, rather than the reverse. It's perfectly understandable that a middle-aged householder, hearing strange noises in the middle of the night, might grab for an available gun and use it in panic and fear. But it's far more likely that he'll shoot someone who doesn't deserve it—a neighborhood prankster, if not his own kid—than that he'll successfully shoot or scare away someone who intends real harm to his family. Carl Rowan is suffering a short-lived embarrassment, but he narrowly escaped suffering a lifetime of tragic remorse.

□ SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE: We hope that Representative Newt Gingrich and the editors of the *Wall Street Journal* and others who are so exercised about House Speaker Jim Wright's book deal will spare some outrage for a remarkably similar—but even smellier—two-book deal enjoyed by Republican Senator Dave Durenberger of Minnesota. Like Wright, Durenberger had an admirer who set up a publishing company for the sole purpose of publishing the great man's *pensées*. Like Wright's book, Durenberger's two books were collections of speeches and position papers. Like Wright's book, Durenberger's books were put together by aides, apparently on government time. Through bulk purchases by interest groups and an unusually high 55 percent royalty fee, Wright was able to make $55,000, which didn't count against official limits on honoraria and other outside income. Durenberger's arrangement was more elegant and direct: interest groups paid speaking fees to his "publisher," who paid them to him as a "promotional fee." In this manner, Durenberger made $100,000, he evaded the honorarium limit, and nobody actually had to buy a single book! So here's the state of play. The Republicans brought up Wright to neutralize Attorney General Ed Meese as an issue for the Democrats. In fact, the charges against Meese are far more serious than those against Wright. But Durenberger legitimately neutralizes Wright, leaving us with Meese again.

□ FIRST, THE BAD NEWS:

Discouraging outlook at world AIDS meeting

—*San Francisco Examiner*, June 13, page one

Promising Treatments for AIDS

—same paper, same day (same story!), page four

(thanks to Robert Shireman, San Francisco, California)

□ CONTEST: We were going to have a contest asking readers to help name the Pentagon contracting scandal, but after our humiliating failure to persuade the rest of the press to adopt "Iranamok" we've decided to follow someone else's lead this time around. Instead, how about this one: In the following article, Fred Barnes discusses the origins of the by-now familiar joke that George Bush "reminds every woman of her first husband." Around this office, everyone agrees this is very funny. But no one can explain precisely what it means. A free year's gift subscription or extension is hereby offered for the best concise (under 50 words) explanation of what this remark means and why it's funny. Entries will be judged by a panel of experts composed of TNR editors who either have or are first husbands.

CAMPAIGN '88

A FINE ROMANCE

JOKES ABOUT George Bush and women have become part of the public domain. They've been repeated so often—and gotten so many belly laughs—that it's difficult to track down who said them first. One zinger has it that Bush "reminds every woman of her first husband." Bruce Babbitt used the line during the Democratic presidential race, and Ellen Goodman has mentioned it in her column. But as best I can tell, the author is humorist Art Buchwald. Then there's the one about Jeane Kirkpatrick as the perfect vice presidential running mate for Bush. She'd add some macho to the ticket. I heard this from political analyst Norman Ornstein, but who knows where it originated.

The point is Bush has a problem with women, and it's a deeper one than polls suggest or his campaign strategists acknowledge. Part of the gender gap is ideological and partisan: women tend to be less conservative and less Republican than men. But that's not the whole of Bush's problem. Ronald Reagan has experienced this gender gap over the years, especially in the early months of the 1980 and 1984 campaigns. "But Reagan never trailed 2-to-1 among women," concedes Peter Teeley, Bush's former press secretary and now a consultant to his campaign. Bush does, at least in one poll. In mid-June the *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News survey found Michael Dukakis leading Bush by 52 percent to 28 percent among women—1.85-to-1, to be precise.

What makes Bush less popular than Reagan with women is his personality. In public, and particularly on television, he comes off as whiny, weak, insincere, and goofy. Men don't like these qualities in Bush either. But they're more willing to give him the benefit of the doubt when he jabbers about "radicals and stuff," as he did on "Nightline" on June 9. After all, Bush was a pilot in World War II and has held half of the top jobs in government. Women, I believe, pay less attention to status, and tend to weigh personal characteristics along with specific issues. They were less tolerant than men of Gary Hart's philandering. And they judge Bush's character more harshly.

Polls don't show this, I know. Opinion analysts Barbara Farah and Ethel Klein studied the results of the *New York Times*/CBS News survey in mid-May and found "no gen-

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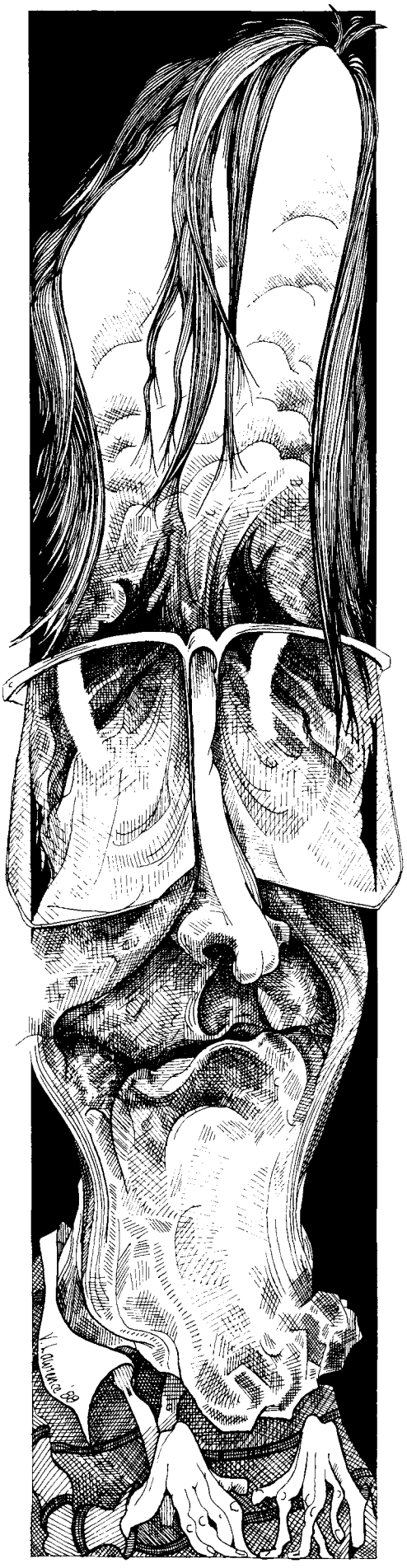
der gap" between men and women in their evaluation of "the candidates' personality traits." But polls don't reveal everything. Historian John Lukacs makes a distinction between public opinion and public sentiment. Public opinion is the formal stuff that folks tell pollsters. Public sentiment is the private set of beliefs and biases that people are often embarrassed to disclose. I think the true sentiment among women is strongly anti-Bush.

The painful fact is that even many of Bush's supporters don't like him. Not long ago the politically conservative wife of a Reagan Cabinet member confessed that she understands perfectly why many women have low regard for Bush. Her support of Bush, she said, is purely ideological and partisan, not personal. A woman writer at a conservative think tank in Washington, who intends to vote for Bush, says he "lacks sex appeal and genuineness. He postures as a lot of things—a regular guy, a conservative, a Reagan zealot. I don't feel I ever see the real George Bush. And there's something of the spoiled adolescent about him. He's not manly, and he's not even your best friend."

One explanation of Bush's problem with women is that he projects a bad (and false) image. "I don't think he's weak at all," says Phyllis Schlafly, the New Right leader. "That's just the manner of the preppy." A former White House official says she recently heard Bush discuss the Soviet Union in person and was impressed. Then she saw him talk about the same subject on TV and was turned off. When Linda Chavez ran the public liaison office at the White House, she once encountered Bush in the West Wing lobby. Bush said, "Hi, Linda," kissed her on the cheek, and walked on. A woman who was with Chavez at the time asked, "Who was that handsome man?" She didn't connect the tall man she'd just seen with the wimpy vice president she'd watched on television.

There's more. A conservative leader who likes Bush says he loses



on two counts with women. "On the one hand, he has an image problem. He comes across as not very forceful. On the other hand, he's aligned himself on social issues in a way that's going to hurt him with women. The combination of the two doesn't work well." Bush was a moderate on social issues in 1980, but now he echoes Reagan in opposing abortion and the ERA. "Women forgave Reagan on social issues because of his forceful personality. Bush doesn't have that. He loses the liberals automatically [on social issues]. And the conservatives don't quite believe him."

Both Bush and his advisers dismiss personality as a problem. Sheila Tate, his new press secretary, says the gender gap is "a Republican Party thing" and is recognized as such by Bush. Robert Teeter, the respected pollster and strategist, believes the key is how women and men view the economy, women being far more pessimistic. This makes them eager for change and thus not for Bush. Teeter says his polls have turned up nothing that indicates personality and character are driving women away from Bush. Teeley buys the economic explanation too, but he adds that some women still resent Bush for the condescending way he treated Geraldine Ferraro in 1984. Roger Ailes, Bush's media expert and television coach, says he doesn't know what's causing women to balk. "If I had the answer to that, I'd solve it," he says.

Being a Republican certainly doesn't help Bush with women. They are more dovish, risk-averse, and favorable toward government than men, thus more Democratic. In the *New York Times*/CBS News poll, 40 percent of the women said they were Democrats, 30 percent Republicans. But Bush did worse than this overall. He trailed Dukakis 53 percent to 35 percent among women. The reason was women independents, among whom Dukakis led 56 percent to 31 percent. You can't blame the GOP for that. Reagan, by the way, won women independents handily in 1980 and 1984.

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The economic alibi is similar: it only goes so far. Women pessimistic about the economy and about their own economic future tend to be Democrats, not Republicans. Naturally they are anti-Bush. But there's another measure involving economic outlook that's more telling. According to the *New York Times*/CBS News poll, women who think the economy will stay the same favor Dukakis over Bush 50 percent to 36 percent (again a larger margin than the 40 to 30 percent party breakdown). And women who see no change coming in their own personal finances prefer Dukakis 57 percent to 28 percent. You can't attribute their attitude to economic pessimism.

Another supposed drawback for Bush is the absence of women in senior campaign positions. The top one is Tate, and she arrived in June. Dukakis has loaded his staff with women, including campaign manager Susan Estrich. But do voters, women or men, care about this disparity? "There is no evidence from the general public that the number of women in a campaign affects votes or perceptions of candidates," says Karlyn Keene, the managing editor of *Public Opinion*.

It's obvious what Bush must do to combat his problem, but neither he nor his aides have grasped it yet. On "Nightline" Bush said he needs to talk up issues women are interested in. Or, as he put it, "get out how I feel on various items." He said he'll talk about "war and peace." He said "education is going to be a key, and I've said, and I say it again, I want to be the education president. And I think when all that is fleshed out, we're trying to have a reasonable child care program, different than what's in effect now, that will put the emphasis where we've got to have it, and that is as much as possible on the family." Tate says Bush must raise "compassionate" issues. Teeley thinks a woman as running mate (not Kirkpatrick, but perhaps Senator Nancy Kassebaum of Kansas) would help.

Sorry, but those aren't the answer. Bush has to get the race off personality and onto issues, his issues. If it remains a personality contest, he'll lose. Dukakis is hardly a magnetic or likable figure. But he appears strong and forceful, and in debates he has something of a commanding presence, even when discussing foreign policy, his weakest subject. Bush can act the tough guy, but it won't work. He needs to make voters, women most of all, forget he has any personal characteristics at all.

Opinion tracking conducted recently in New Jersey by his own campaign shows the way. Teeter gathered 20 or so people as a "focus group" and watched their response to issues. At the start the women were leery of Bush. Then they were told about Dukakis's program of furloughing convicted felons, including murderers, for the weekend. And they were told of Dukakis's veto of a bill making the Pledge of Allegiance mandatory in schools and his refusal to support the death penalty for drug kingpins. And on and on. The women made a beeline for Bush. Or so Teeter says.

FRED BARNES

ON THE HILL

THIS DUD'S FOR YOU

ALEXANDER POPE advised his readers to "drink deep" from the spring of knowledge. America's liquor manufacturers, battling a current legislative proposal to label alcoholic drinks with health warnings, prefer their customers simply to drink deep. The $70 billion-a-year industry is counting on an indifferent White House and some powerful friends in Congress to beat back an influential label lobby.

An unlikely pair leads the proponents of booze warnings on Capitol Hill: Senator Strom Thurmond, the Republican from South Carolina who once so opposed a civil rights bill that he wrestled a colleague to the floor; and Michigan Democratic Representative John Conyers, a founding member of the Congressional Black Caucus. To be sure, the sponsors are pursuing different agendas. Thurmond is a teetotaling fitness fanatic who's been pushing this bill since 1969 (he even discourages tippling by his staff). Conyers deplores the disproportionate share of liquor ads targeted at blacks, who suffer high rates of such alcohol-related problems as high blood pressure and cirrhosis of the liver.

In a regulatory world that hangs hazard tags on everything from aspirin to bubble bath, it's difficult to understand the ruckus over the bill. Thurmond and Conyers simply want alcohol producers to place a series of labels on bottles. One cautions that alcohol is a drug that "may" be addictive; another notes the booze-related risks of hypertension, liver disease, and cancer; the others warn against drinking while pregnant, before driving, or when taking certain drugs. "Certainly we can do no harm in educating and informing," says Thurmond. "Especially with pregnant women."

Opponents argue that labels would have no effect and would cost jobs. Obviously both can't be true. So they also complain that the industry is overtaxed, and argue that labels might prove counterproductive: liquor would become more attractive to teenagers by being labeled a forbidden fruit. The Beer Institute's James Sanders insists that "labels are a false solution to a complex problem. We're in an election year, and alcohol is being wrongly lumped with drugs in an atmosphere of emotional hysteria. Our only real progress against alcohol abuse can come through the slow process of education." As Conyers points out, however, education is precisely the purpose of labels.

You don't have to be a neo-prohibitionist to recognize that alcohol is a sometimes dangerous and socially damaging drug. A 1983 study by the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism estimated that overimbibing costs the country $117 billion a year in health care and lost productivity. In 1986 more than one-half of the nation's 46,056 traffic deaths were liquor-related. And, ac-

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cording to the Center for Science in the Public Interest (CSPI), alcohol abuse during pregnancy results in at least 5,000 cases of infant deformity and mental retardation every year. So-called Fetal Alcohol Syndrome is the third-leading cause of birth defects, the only preventable one among the top three.

A recent Gallup Poll found almost 80 percent of the American public in favor of warning labels on alcoholic beverages. Even the *Wine Spectator*, a pro-industry publication, recently backed labels. "Winemakers can pull the train of health consciousness," wrote managing editor Jim Gordon, "or they can be dragged along behind it as the cigarette makers were."

BUT WHATEVER the merits of the labeling bill, its prospects don't look bright. It's currently in the Senate Commerce Committee, which isn't known to be overly concerned about health issues. "That committee is interested in promoting American business," notes one congressional aide. "It's always been a burial ground for health bills." What's more, the committee includes some of the members most beholden to the alcohol industry. According to *Common Cause*, 20 liquor-related PACS spent $1.2 million on campaigns for the House and Senate in 1985-86. On the Commerce Committee, in 1987 Texas Democrat Lloyd Bentsen received more than $50,000 from individuals associated with the alcohol industry, and ranking Republican John Danforth of Missouri received upward of $40,000 from folks connected to his state's gigantic brewer, Anheuser-Busch.

Other committee members who are considered unsympathetic to labeling include Democrat Wendell Ford—whose home state of Kentucky produces more distilled spirits than any other—and Wisconsin Republican Bob Kasten, who watches out for the brewing industries of Milwaukee. Kasten's office claims he has an open mind on the subject, but one aide revealed that the senator is inclined against labels. Alcohol problems derive from abuse, he said, not simply from use, as with cigarettes. "And even so," he added, "the health problems from one night of alcohol abuse generally are just a hangover and empty calories." Three years ago Kasten was arrested in Washington, D.C., for drunk driving. He avoided a criminal record by taking a course on alcohol abuse.

Advocates are not so sure what to make of Tennessee Democrat Albert Gore. He once shrugged off home-state tobacco interests and supported cigarette labels. The liquor label bill, though, has been languishing in the subcommittee he chairs, suggesting that Gore has one eye on Tennessee's huge Jack Daniels distillery. Danforth, meanwhile, is usually identified as the labeling bill's most vocal opponent, a curious stance for the man whose support of re-regulated transportation and a higher drinking age once earned him the title "Mr. Safety" from *Congressional Quarterly*.

The other obstacle to a simple labeling initiative is a bureaucratic accident. Ever since repeal of prohibition, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms has been an arm of the Treasury Department, not a health agency. As a result, says CSPI's Bruce Silverglade, the bureau is ill-suited to lobby for health regulations. "The bureau is really there to collect taxes," he says. A Treasury spokesman defended the bureau, arguing that it is a "sophisticated agency" responsible for such health information as sulphite labels on wine. He also noted that BATF is studying the label proposal, with findings due out in November.

PROPONENTS WORRY that such efforts have died on the vine in the past. During the late 1970s President Carter's bureau was preparing to require warnings about liquor-based birth defects. That ended with the Reagan administration. The White House has been silent on the labeling question ever since. Its "Just Say No" campaign against drug abuse originally ignored alcohol altogether.

The irony is that the alcohol industry may actually stand to gain from labels. The cigarette manufacturers, who fought a similar battle against labels 22 years ago, are now receiving some protection from the very provision they once opposed. In a liability suit recently decided by a jury in Newark, New Jersey, Rose Cipollone's husband sought damages against three tobacco companies for her 1984 death by cancer. The only defendant found liable was the maker of cigarettes that she had smoked before the imposition of federal warnings.

Seven alcohol manufacturers currently face similar accusations. The parents of some disabled children in Washington state are suing the companies, claiming that the liquor makers should have warned them about Fetal Alcohol Syndrome. "If it can be proven that the manufacturer knew or should have known about the risk, and there's a failure to warn, then there's a potential claim there," says liability lawyer Victor Schwartz. On the other hand, he points out, plaintiffs would have to prove that a warning actually would have changed the victim's behavior.

What can a label really accomplish? The United States has gotten so tort-happy that my neighborhood hardware store sells a stepladder tagged with 36 warnings. But however inured we've become to the exhortations of consumer watchdogs, the fact remains that stupid drinking hurts a lot of people. And not everyone "already knows" the dangers, as the liquor lobby glibly claims. A recent survey by the National Center for Health Statistics revealed that 43 percent of respondents under age 45 had never even heard of Fetal Alcohol Syndrome. If liability suits continue their present trend, perhaps the liquor industry finally will support labels out of "enlightened" self-interest. It's the consumers' interest, however, that Congress and the White House should be pursuing.

DIRK OLIN

Dirk Olin is a former TNR researcher-reporter. His last piece for TNR was "Lord Love A Buck" (January 18).

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Washington Scene

Clubland

BEN AND ALEX are a glamorous couple, a sort of looking-glass version of mainstream Washington's official glamorous couple, Ben and Sally. Ben is 20, Alex 24, but they are at the top of the ladder in the capital's hip haut monde, such as it is. Tonight they are at Primi Piatti, a slyly expensive Italian restaurant and Washington's current attempt at duplicating New York fashionability. Like every yuppie restaurant, the noise is deafening, the kitchen exposed, the portions small, the interior stark. On closer inspection, it looks like a high-tech cafeteria with a few pastel flourishes. But in Washington, it's enough.

Alex looks very chic and very thin. She's wearing a very nearly nonexistent miniskirt with horizontal black and white stripes, a vaguely retro black sweater, and black hose. Her hair is red, though last year it was white. It's very short. She has 11 ear rings and one in her nose. She has a pretty, almost fragile quality about her. She wants to be a professional artistic photographer, but in the meantime she is the queen of the Washington night, with entrée at any of the small circle of hip Washington clubs. Sometimes she stages private parties at a club to promote it. Right now, she's handling the p.r. for the newest night haunt, Fifth Column, which replaced The Bank (housed, naturally, in an old bank) that collapsed earlier this year under the weight of its own Euro-disco trash pretensions.

Ben is 20. He's slight and he walks with an easy-going, rolling kind of gait. He looks decidedly more casual than Alex—but still very hip—with a maroon windbreaker, black suspenders, black jeans, a T-shirt with black and white stripes, thick black shoes, and a "BMW" baseball cap jauntily angled off center. He claims to have his own marketing and promotional company, Musique Nonstop, and he found the DJ currently spinning records at Fifth Column.

Primi Piatti is not quite ready for Ben and Alex. When they pass by, conversations trail off and people stare—like the four women sitting at a nearby table who gaze in slack-jawed wonder at the ring in Alex's nose. A shoulder pad falls out of her sweater after she sits down, and one of the women gingerly hands it back to her. The hostess, nonetheless, looks excited that Ben and Alex are here.

Before dinner Ben and Alex talk about the angst of being decadent and outrageous in a city that values neither commodity:

ALEX: I think people here want their clubs to be like New York, but actually, the reason they're not like New York is because of the people here. . . . There are celebrities in New York who go to clubs and that's a big draw. In Washington, like we had a party at Fifth Column for Al Gore [the night he pulled out of the presidential race]. It did incredibly well. I couldn't relate to anyone there . . .

BEN: They don't go to clubs. I am sure there are some bars and restaurants where you can find George Shultz, but he's not going to go out and . . .

ALEX: Party! We have a lot of pictures of Al Gore. We actually tried to get all the Secret Service men drunk but it didn't work, they wouldn't drink. They wouldn't dance either. A cocktail waitress and I got extremely drunk that night and we tried to get Al Gore to drink some more with us. . . . He said, 'No no, I'm not interested in a shooter. I don't know what it is.' . . ."

BEN: . . . Let's say you're someone who wants to make a record deal or who wants to be a model or you just want to be famous. . . . There's nobody here who is going to spot you.

ALEX: . . . Washington, by nature, is very conservative. Ben and I did an ad for Fifth Column which was taken directly off a Boy of London ad [a design group producing hip street clothes]. It was a Greek column with two Aryan-looking people, a man and a woman, looking off into the future. In big futuristic letters it said "YOUTH IS STRENGTH. FIFTH COLUMN." We got so many bad reviews from that, so much bad stuff. Everybody hated it. They thought we were Nazis. The name Fifth Column was connotated with Nazis.

BEN: Like in Washington, like it's a political town. So political symbolism can't be twisted and played with because people take it too seriously. In New York people don't feel like they have control over the government or whatever, so they like play with political ideology and imagery in any way they want. You can't go around [here] saying I'm a Nazi or a Communist without people taking you to the letter on it. They don't see the irony.

ALEX: The clubs here are institutions. A decent club opens here and you expect it to run for two years if not longer. Poseurs has been around forever; Cagney's has been around forever. They have all seen their heyday but they're all still there and they still are making money. Clubs in New York open and close so fast. It's not a matter of having a long-lived establishment, it's a matter of making as much money as you can as fast as you can and keeping it as trendy as you can. Because the market here is so small, it can't support a lot of hit-and-run clubs. For one, they're not reported here so the only way to find out about them is to know people. You can't read *Details* magazine and find out where to go.

BEN: In London they have really really crazy clubs, like the craziest theme clubs you've ever seen. There are like crazy clubs where people wear bell bottoms . . .

ALEX: Well, that's because '70s fashion hasn't even hit New York. We had an Andy Warhol party and we hired drag queens to dance. They were very unprofessional. One got so drunk, the one with the gold wig, he literally fell off the podium. Oh my God. The other one, the other one was like, "I need a drink. I need a drink." I was like shut up and dance. What am I paying you for?

BEN: The thing is New York is more decadent and like they know it. And Washington is obviously pretty decadent and corrupt. But they won't admit it. You know what I mean? [Having reached the top of the Washington club scene, Alex wants to move to New York to be assistant to some important photographer. But she is learning to bartend, just in case. Ben is trying to get into NYU.]

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ALEX: One of the ways I got hooked up with the club scene was by hanging out in clubs all the time. Just being a fixture. And giving parties. And I do get jobs. But my job is strictly confined to Washington, D.C. When I go to New York they're not going to care. That's why I am learning how to be a bartender. Even though I have a very prestigious job in the club scene here, it's like if I was doing this in New York I could come to D.C. and [be important]. . . . There are a lot of famous people around here, but they're in politics. And being in politics, you have to be careful of your image. You can't be Dean Johnson [a towering cross-dressing figure of the moment in the New York scene] or you're not going to be elected. [Dean and his group the Weenies currently have a single out, "Fuck," which includes such lyrics as: "Why don't you choke on a fashion accessory / Fuck Thermo . . . Nuclear . . . War . . . Fuck Mary . . . Tyler . . . Moore."]

BEN: I saw an article in the *Washington Post* a really long time ago. It was in their culture section. And they ran a big story on whether Washington would unseat New York as like the cultural capital of America. I cracked up. I was just laughing out loud. And people in Washington really, really believe that is a possibility and they are really, really wrong. I don't know where the hell they get that idea that it would work.

MARK MILLER

Mark Miller is a correspondent in the Washington bureau of *Newsweek*.

Tawana Brawley's 'protectors.'

THREE BUCKETS OF JIVE

AFTER SEVEN MONTHS of relentless media grandstanding by attorneys Alton H. Maddox Jr. and C. Vernon Mason and the Rev. Al Sharpton, a stupor of disgust and confusion descended upon the observers of the Tawana Brawley case. Then Perry McKinnon spoke up. McKinnon is a decorated Vietnam veteran, a former Georgia police officer with high commendations, a private investigator, a man who defused bombs attached to the body of a young New Yorker intent on blowing himself up, and, most important, an ex-aide and confidant of Sharpton, the most vocal of those advising the Brawley family.

Tawana Brawley is the black teenager of Wappingers Falls, New York, who claims she was abducted last November by six white men, one of them brandishing a police badge. Supposedly taken into the woods, where she was raped and sodomized for four days, Brawley was found in a trash bag, her body covered with dog excrement and racial epithets written on her flesh. Rape tests proved negative and she was found to have no drugs in her body, though she lay in a near comatose state for a few days. Something clearly happened, but if McKinnon's claims are true, he is the Serpico parting the mist of a remarkable hoax.

The essence of McKinnon's charge is that Sharpton, Maddox, and Mason have long known that there is no real Tawana Brawley case, and that they fabricated false allegations for the purpose of political power. The Brawley advisers claim to have proof that the Ku Klux Klan, the IRA, organized crime, and officials in Dutchess County are behind the crime. According to McKinnon, these are lies either improvised on the spot for media effect or used to inflame black sympathizers and raise money. The overriding aim has been to build a movement around themselves, using television, newspapers, and radio to magnify their presence. "Their exact words," says McKinnon, "were, 'We beat this, we will be the biggest niggers in New York.' "

On June 20 McKinnon's as yet unsubstantiated assertion was given further credence by a new witness, Samuel McClease. McClease claims, in a weird twist to the story, that he was hired by Sharpton to bug Mason and Maddox, and that on one of the tapes, the three were heard discussing "the four days of the alleged kidnapping, not to be a kidnapping, but actually a four-day party in the area with a police officer." Sharpton, Mason, and Maddox at once deny it all and say that if such tapes exist, they are part of a governmental conspiracy, designed to stop them from defending the rights of black people.

OVER THE COURSE of the investigation, the Maddox-Mason-Sharpton statements have grown increasingly inflammatory. Refusing to cooperate with the grand jury and Attorney General Robert Abrams, they have said that Governor Mario Cuomo is no different than the demonic racist Theophilus Bilbo of Mississippi, that asking Tawana Brawley to sit down with Abrams is tantamount to a Jew being asked to talk with Hitler, and that Abrams himself is a sexual pervert. On March 24, addressing a group in Harlem, Maddox said: "Robert Abrams, you're no longer going to masturbate looking at Tawana Brawley's picture. You're no longer going to go into the men's room with your perverted mind and rape our daughters."

These sorts of tactics are part of the Maddox-Mason-Sharpton technique. In the Howard Beach case, which resulted in the conviction of three white youths for a vicious racial attack, Maddox and Mason advised their black clients not to cooperate until a special prosecutor was appointed. In the Brawley case they have ensured that Tawana has refused to give her story. When her mother, Glenda Brawley, was subpoenaed before the grand jury, she was advised not to testify and then taken to Brooklyn's Bethany Baptist Church for sanctuary. That is where she now sits, declared by Sharpton to be the Rosa Parks of the New York civil rights movement, a symbol of the African queens who have been so long-suffering and so strong in constant storms of racial injustice. From such trees have been built the ships of rightfully radical politics. There are a few facts, however, left out of this particular equation. Glenda Brawley, for example, never spent much time rearing her daughter (who lived with her aunt and uncle) and

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now lives with Ralph King, a man convicted of killing his former wife.

Initial press reports generally gave full credence to the abduction saga. (See "The Mystery of Wappingers Falls" by William Tucker, TNR, March 21.) But over the months Maddox, Mason, and Sharpton have been enraged by stories in New York's "liberal white press" that portray them in an unflattering light. Sharpton has been described as a hustler and an opportunist since high school. Maddox, who defended the assailants hired to slash the face of model Marla Hanson, reportedly charged that she was a racist from Texas who couldn't tell one black man from another. And according to another story, Mason, who is so concerned about the victimization of the black community, defends notorious crack dealers.

Meanwhile, for the most part the black press in New York has intellectually and morally capitulated before the rhetoric of these men. It has not asked hard questions of them, has allowed them forums, and has even defended them when they have come under fire. With the exception of Bob Herbert at the *Daily News*, there has been no serious coverage of the story by black reporters in print or on the radio. No one has asked one of the most perplexing questions about the case: Why hasn't anyone come forward to claim the $30,000 reward offered by Bill Cosby and boxer Mike Tyson last February for information leading to the arrest and prosecution of those who supposedly assaulted Tawana Brawley?

In the black community at least, Sharpton, Maddox, and Mason have successfully utilized an ethnic version of McCarthyism. In McCarthy's universe the demons were communists and communist sympathizers. This time the demons are white racists and "rent-a-Toms," whose every criticism is supposedly paid for by the racist white establishment.

Those Tom-baiting tactics have put many black people in a bind. Politicians must be sure, as one elected official's aide said, "that we don't appear to be defending the criminal justice system by attacking them, and that we *definitely* don't seem to be attacking this young girl." The problem is exacerbated by the fact that subtle thought and the intricate dealings necessary for real politics are much harder to communicate through the media than terse slogans such as "No justice, no peace." And the politicians and community leaders who have been critical of the Brawley sideshow have been mostly ignored. This is in keeping with Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward being booed a few years ago when he addressed a gathering of the black press and said that the "dirty little secret" of most violent crimes being committed by young Negro men had to be faced. (Ward, however, was cheered when he said the same things to black community people in Brooklyn a few days later.)

Perhaps the most devastating problem the Afro-American community now faces is that the least well-educated, those in need of the most comprehensive representation, so easily become pawns in a game where content and information are forever losing out to style. In New York this is particularly ominous, given the fact that Sharpton, Maddox, and Mason will lie down lower than snakes in wagon tracks whenever they deem it necessary. Racial invective is ever present in their statements, simple-minded historical overviews and recent atrocities are served piping hot, and claims to knowledge of secret agendas against the interests of black people are perpetually trumpeted. These tactics are successful for exactly the same reasons that McCarthy's were: the constituency addressed has real fears and deep resentments, and feels either alienated from or threatened by the sources of power that determine the quality of life.

McKinnon—in denouncing his former associates, in agreeing to testify before the grand jury and to be interviewed by the office of U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani—is showing a rare kind of courage. If his story holds up, and those close to Sharpton say they have no reason to disbelieve it, another level of political maturity will be demanded of the black community, of the black press, and of black leadership. Everyone will have to face the fact that increased social freedom means not only opportunity but opportunists as well. The atmosphere of hysteria, paranoia, and militant self-pity that has surrounded the Brawley case only encourages and empowers demagogues.

STANLEY CROUCH

Stanley Crouch is a New York writer.

Bush and Dukakis on apartheid.

PRY FREEDOM

NORMALLY SUPERCAUTIOUS, Michael Dukakis wants to put the United States on a potentially perilous course in South Africa—near-total U.S. disinvestment and economic embargo as a way of forcing the white government to end apartheid and negotiate a power-sharing arrangement with the black majority. Dukakis is acting out of the best of moral intentions, of course, but the danger is that the policy will fail—that the whites will not yield, but will harden their repression and contrive to transfer economic pain to the blacks; that racial war will escalate, and the United States will be without influence in South Africa as the tragedy unfolds.

George Bush favors a safer approach, but one that has its own shortcomings. Bush would maintain existing economic sanctions, but avoid imposing new ones and concentrate American policy on the "empowerment" of blacks through economic aid and private support for black-owned businesses, trade unions, and social welfare institutions. His advisers hope this would continue to erode the structure of apartheid from within. The problem with Bush's approach is that it would work very slowly, if at all, and could easily be confused with Ronald Reagan's policy

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of constructive engagement, which delighted the white government and convinced progressive blacks that the United States was content to live with apartheid.

AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED by Assistant Secretary of State Chester Crocker, constructive engagement was meant to be a quiet, carrot-and-stick policy, much like the one that helped move South Korea from military dictatorship to democracy. But Crocker underestimated the recalcitrance of South Africa's white government, which has been willing to dismantle some obnoxious social and economic aspects of apartheid (such as pass laws, restrictions on racial intermarriage, and bans on labor unions) but has refused to yield political power to blacks and has savagely repressed its opposition.

Meanwhile, whatever sticks Crocker and Secretary of State George Shultz intended to apply to P. W. Botha's backside were systematically broken by right-wingers in the White House, Pentagon, and Central Intelligence Agency, who cared more about South Africa's anti-communism and strategic minerals than about justice for the blacks and America's moral leadership in the cause of democracy. The administration reached its nadir with President Reagan's July 22, 1986, speech, which praised Botha and described South Africa as a society undergoing "dramatic change," even though Botha had just declared a new state of emergency and pointedly refused to make political concessions to his opponents.

Shortly thereafter, Congress forced partial economic sanctions into law over a Reagan veto. The administration's policy has been a shambles ever since. More than 2,200 people have been killed in the unrest that started in 1984, the government's state of emergency has been renewed, and a new crackdown has been directed at 17 moderate opposition groups. Reagan's policy is so discredited that no one pays attention when Shultz and Crocker meet with representatives of the African National Congress or urge the release of Nelson Mandela. The administration is given no credit for talks that may yet lead to South African withdrawal from Namibia and Cuban withdrawal from Angola.

Amid the failure of Reagan's policy, any alternative put forward by Democrats seems automatically moral, regardless of whether it is actually likely to end apartheid and bring democracy to South Africa.

Right now Democratic policy is being defined by Jesse Jackson and Representative Ronald Dellums of California, both of whom historically have been more sympathetic to Third World liberation movements—the Palestine Liberation Organization, the Sandinistas, and Maurice Bishop's New Jewel Movement in Grenada—than to the establishment of pro-Western democracies. Dukakis has agreed to include Jackson's designation of South Africa as a "terrorist state" in the 1988 Democratic platform, and he's endorsed a bill sponsored by Dellums that would require total disinvestment by U.S. companies, a cutoff of all trade except in strategically vital minerals, and abandonment of all intelligence and military cooperation between the United States and South Africa.

There's little question that South Africa does engage in terrorist activity. It conducts unprovoked raids into neighboring countries, periodically assassinates opponents in foreign capitals, and aids RENAMO, the rebel group in Mozambique accused by the State Department of committing brutal atrocities against innocent villagers. What's open to question is whether attaching the official label of "terrorist state"—as the United States does to such chronic adversaries as Iran, Cuba, and Libya—would help a Dukakis administration persuade South Africa to liberalize its policies.

Dellums's aim, according to an aide (paraphrasing a famous remark by Mandela), is "not to bring South Africa to its knees, but to its senses." But Dellums is politically allied with lobbying groups—such as the Washington Office on Africa and the American Committee on Africa—that are sympathetic to the ANC, which the South African government considers a "terrorist" group bent on violent revolution. To the extent that U.S. policy appears tilted toward the ANC, the South African regime is likely to consider America a mortal enemy.

A crucial element of any successful anti-apartheid policy is to convince white South Africans—especially Afrikaners—that power-sharing and eventual majority rule will not lead to their physical or economic destruction. This is something Dukakis has thought about, according to one of his key advisers on Africa, Stephen Davis, author of a book on the ANC, *Apartheid's Rebels: Inside South Africa's Hidden War* (Yale University Press). "Right now, the Afrikaners look into the future and they see an abyss, something like Uganda under Idi Amin," he said. "We want to encourage opposition groups, including the ANC, to construct a positive vision of a post-apartheid South Africa."

According to Davis, the ANC is working on a new constitution for South Africa—it would be the first since its founding in 1912—that reportedly will promise a multiparty democracy and a mixed economy, but is likely not to include a provision for minority rights, which Davis said is needed to reassure whites. The Democrats clearly hope that, while reversing constructive engagement and standing forcefully for maximum sanctions and a swift end to apartheid, they'll be able to influence the ANC and other opposition groups to offer whites a future they can accept.

THIS IS WHERE Dukakis's policy is clearly superior to Bush's. Since Bush's main emphasis is on opposition to new sanctions, he'd probably have little influence with black opposition groups. Indeed, the best argument for sanctions isn't that they'd work but that they're supported by most of the black leadership in South Africa, including Bishop Desmond Tutu, the United Democratic Front, the ANC, and the top echelon of the black labor confederations, COSATU. For Americans to reject sanctions is to act as if we understand what's good for black South Africans better than they do.

Another virtue of Dukakis's policy is that his position is strong and long-standing. Massachusetts was one of the first states to end pension fund investments in South Africa. He could thus take office with the aura of a tough bar-

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gainer, much as Reagan did in 1981 with respect to the Soviet Union. To bargain successfully, though, Dukakis will need a strong hand to play, and it's not clear that disinvestment will be as effective as it may be morally satisfying. So far there's little evidence that sanctions have gotten any concessions out of the Botha government. In fact, a study last January by South Africa's Roman Catholic Church concluded that "the whole sanctions issue has consolidated the government in its retreat from meaningful reform and, indeed, any reform." The most comprehensive recent study, conducted by Merle Lipton for the Economist Intelligence Unit of London, concluded that "most of the disinvesting companies have either retained their economic links in other guises, or been taken over by white South African capital on very favorable terms. As a corollary, foreign influence over practices at the workplace has been reduced."

The Dellums bill calls for the 130 remaining American companies in South Africa to sell out within six months—which means bargain prices for South African interests. Dellums dismisses the idea that American businesses have ever done much good for their workers in the way of trade union recognition, educational benefits, and equal pay. "To accept the argument that corporations are doing good for blacks," he testified recently, "is to accept that a plantation slave owner was doing good for blacks in the U.S. by providing food, clothing, and shelter for his slaves."

According to Lipton, "It seems unlikely that even full sanctions . . . would lead to a dramatic or quick collapse of the South African economy. Sanctions alone would probably achieve no more than a process of attrition, which could be very gradual, and which could be preceded . . . by phases of economic recovery and growth." Sanctions would lead, though, to more government management of the economy, which probably would benefit the government's base constituency, the Afrikaners, and hurt the blacks. Lipton cited one study indicating that the black share of total income, which is expected to rise from 29 percent in 1985 to 36 percent in the year 2000, might actually fall under 20 percent if sanctions increase unemployment.

SOME ARGUE THAT deterioration of black economic prospects will radicalize blacks and hasten the revolution, but that's not the case being made by either Dukakis or Dellums. They're claiming that a strategy of trade embargo and disinvestment will bring down apartheid nonviolently. They acknowledge that unilateral American action will not succeed. As in other foreign policy endeavors, Dukakis favors a "partnership" to end apartheid, enlisting Britain, West Germany, Japan, and other industrial allies to cut off South Africa economically and aid its black frontline neighbors. Dellums testified that the "shock" of multinational disinvestment and the threat of a declining standard of living will force the whites to abandon apartheid.

It's possible that skillful U.S. leadership could produce the necessary global isolation of South Africa. And it's possible that the whites would actually yield to such pressure. Davis cites evidence of lowered white morale—in the increased rate of desertion and suicide attempts among soldiers, the government's inability to recruit farmers to work in border settlements, and the Dutch Reformed Church's change of heart about the biblical authority for apartheid.

Yet there's other evidence—in election results—that the Afrikaners might circle the wagons rather than relent. In the May 1987 parliamentary elections, support for hard-line right-wing parties totaled nearly 30 percent, and one of them, the Conservative Party, emerged as the official opposition to Botha's National Party, deemed by the conservatives to have gone "soft." Botha's brutal emergency measures are widely interpreted as an attempt to mollify the right. Meanwhile, he's promising to take additional inadequate measures to mollify blacks, such as easing segregation regulations on housing and placing a black in his Cabinet.

If the Conservative Party took power and resorted to all-out repression, conventional wisdom in America is that blacks eventually would overwhelm the whites, thanks to superior numbers. But the whites have enormous military and strategic advantages, including control of utilities in and roadways out of the black townships, plus warplanes, armor, artillery, and even nuclear weapons that could threaten catastrophe for black population centers and indefinitely prevent a black military victory. So the prospects are for a long struggle, peaceful or violent.

Is constructive engagement, then, the only alternative? No. "Democratic empowerment" is one alternative. At the moment the United States is providing something like $40 million a year (the exact figure is secret) to black groups inside South Africa. Former Assistant Secretary of State Alan Keyes is recommending increasing that to $100 million a year.

Republicans on the House Foreign Affairs Committee who oppose the Dellums sanctions bill are recommending the "empowerment" alternative, and it's also favored by South Africa's white liberal leader, Helen Suzman. The theory is that black unions and businessmen will, through strikes and other means, be able to nudge concessions from the government, leading eventually to the end of apartheid. This has lately become Bush's policy, put into his platform by his Africa advisers, including Walter Kansteiner of the Institute on Religion and Democracy and Herman Nickel, former U.S. ambassador to South Africa.

The problem with empowerment, though, is that by itself it fails to exert any direct U.S. pressure on white South Africa. Bush is not proposing any carrots, any sticks, any moral leadership, or any real strategy. Rhetoric and diplomatic pressure, Jimmy Carter's alternative, did not have much effect, so some sanctions need to be available—threatened and imposed as a punishment for bad behavior, and lifted as a reward for good behavior. It's doubtful they will actually bring South Africa to heel, but they'll stand as a statement of our good intentions and enhance our credibility with black leaders. Ultimately, though, what may work is our ability to persuade those blacks to offer South African whites a peaceful, democratic way out of their evil ways.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

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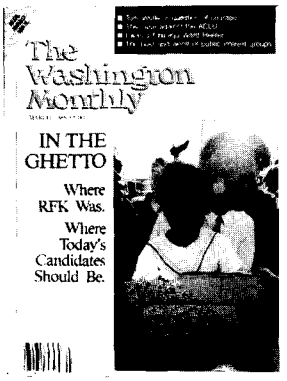

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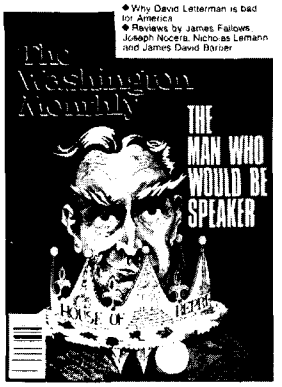
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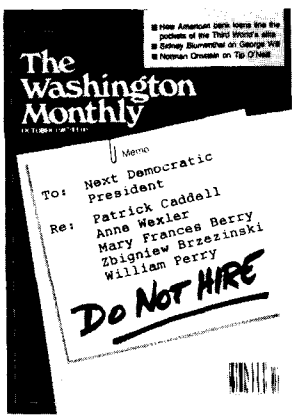

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If you checked Democrat or Independent in the above box, please complete Part II A only. If you checked Republican or T.V. Evangelist, please complete Part II B only. If you checked any other box, please skip Part II, sign the line below, and submit application.

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Republican

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4. Pick any two of the following phrases and write an essay on each.
   a) "Deep do-do"
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I swear that the above is truthful and my own work, and not that of a British Labor Party leader.
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Is Gorbo another Louis XVI?

PARISTROIKA

FOR THE second most powerful nation in the world, '87 and '88 were extraordinary years. A series of reforms ended some of the autocratic government's worst abuses. A reform-minded leadership experimented with plans for the liberalization of a calcified and corrupt state. The press flourished, and with each day the limits on what could be published were pushed outward. A young and attractive ruler seemed to articulate popular hopes. Yet the population's material situation remained poor, and notoriously stubborn entrenched elites held on to their privileges with increasing desperation. Attention focused on the convocation of a representative body that had not met for a very long time . . .

This may sound like a description of the year 1987-88 and Gorbachev's U.S.S.R., but for a historian, what comes to mind is 1787-88 and the France of Louis XVI. It is often forgotten today, but in the period that preceded the French Revolution, the royal government carried out reforms as shocking and exhilarating as those now taking place in the Soviet Union. These reforms, however, failed to prevent the impending upheaval, and may even have hastened it. As Tocqueville observed, the drama of 1789 began not when things were at their worst, but when things were finally starting to improve—as things may now start to improve under Gorbachev.

King Louis XVI was not a particularly charismatic or competent leader. Nonetheless, under his rule France experimented with a series of provincial assemblies, the greatest concession to democracy ever made by the absolute monarchy. In 1787-88 it abolished the venerable institution of judicial torture, and granted defendants in criminal trials the right to attorneys. It also gave official toleration to Protestants, who had within living memory been the target of massacre and deportation. In those years the young and popular king seemed to side with the people against an intransigent nobility. And by the summer of 1788 official censorship had collapsed and effective freedom of the press came into being, complete with raucous criticism of the existing order.

This was the bright side of Louis's reign. Yet his government made frustratingly little progress against France's mammoth social and economic problems. The most immediate of these was the state's massive debt, incurred in large part through military spending. The country's financial apparatus functioned less as a collector than as a sieve for money, and needed radical reform. The nobility obstinately refused to abandon its own considerable financial privileges. And, ominously, a catastrophic harvest in 1788 sent the price of bread skyrocketing and unleashed the familiar specter of famine. In retrospect it hardly seems surprising that revolution soon broke out.

Of course, Louis XVI and his ministers thought they could control the reform process. They did not see a contradiction between rapid political liberalization and slow structural change. Seeing the nobility as the main obstacle to such change, they believed that the pressure of newly liberated public opinion would help overcome noble resistance. For this reason, the crown subsidized pamphleteers who peddled its line, and Marie Antoinette, in other contexts the epitome of aristocratic haughtiness, declared herself "the queen of the Third Estate." However, the strategy soon backfired. Independent public opinion, initially supportive of Louis XVI, soon forced the king and the nobility back into each other's embrace, and eventually destroyed both.

Now consider the situation in the Soviet Union. One week a new political party forms in Moscow. The next, Lenin himself comes in for criticism, despite Gorbachev's protestations of following Lenin's true line. Bukharin, Kamenev, and Zinoviev are rehabilitated, and since textbooks have failed to keep up with *glasnost*, the state cancels high school history exams. The Tatars, brutally exiled from their Crimean home under Stalin, are allowed to start returning. The Orthodox Church is given unprecedented freedom and publicity. Eduard Shevardnadze meets in New York with the prime minister of Israel. Andrei Sakharov gives a quasi-official news conference. A protest march for more *glasnost* proceeds in Moscow under the gaze of Western reporters without police interference. In short, taboos are collapsing like dominoes. Yet at the same time the new regime has brought about little improvement either in the population's material condition or in the efficiency of the unwieldy economic system.

Needless to say, Gorbachev too hopes to control the reform process. He seems to believe that public opinion, given a voice for the first time in Soviet history, will help him prod a recalcitrant party and bureaucracy into motion. Indeed, he and his supporters seem almost cocky about this strategy. As one Soviet official said recently about the relaxation of religious controls: "Since the power belongs completely to us, I think we are capable of pointing this track in whatever direction is to our interest." To be sure, the Soviet state exercises a sort of social control that Louis XVI could not have begun to imagine. And Gorbachev is far more able and shrewd than the hapless French king. But he has already underestimated the power and unpredictability of his newly articulated public opinion. Take Armenia and Azerbaijan. If Gorbachev had simply crushed nationalist rumblings there, he would have alienated public opinion and lost crucial support for other aspects of his program. Louis XVI faced similar dilemmas.

So what is in store for the U.S.S.R.? Obviously any historical comparison with revolutionary France has severe limits. Even in 1917, when the Russian revolutionaries consciously compared themselves to the great figures of 1789-99, history failed to follow a proven script. It would be absurd to cast the upcoming Communist Party conference as a Soviet Estates General. But the parallels do suggest three general points.

continued on page 24

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First, Gorbachev's motivations for *glasnost* and *perestroika*—the question of whether he is a "true Leninist," for instance—may ultimately prove of little importance. Historians have argued about Louis XVI's sincerity in 1787-88, yet agree that it mattered far less than the events Louis helped bring on. Even if Gorbachev were a Machiavellian master of disinformation, plotting every *Pravda* letter to the editor in order to lull Western suspicions, *glasnost* would still have the same consequences.

Second, the greatest opposition to Gorbachev may ultimately come not from the "conservative" Party hierarchy, but from those now calling for further and faster reform. In France an entrenched and ambitious aristocracy long posed the greatest apparent threat to Louis XVI. Yet it was very little time before a new force, calling itself "the nation," emerged and took control of the state, even though in 1788 it possessed no political structure and no military strength. The crown possessed an enormous police apparatus, but the collapse of royal authorities made the police a useless weapon.

Finally, by opening the existing order to criticism and by giving legitimacy to public opinion, Gorbachev may well have destroyed the Soviet state's own last vestiges of legitimacy. Tocqueville noted that when Louis XVI called upon his subjects to air their grievances, the individual complaints collectively formed nothing less than a call for the abolition of the entire regime. By the time the Estates General convened in 1789 many Frenchmen saw little logic or reason in their national institutions, and were eager to wipe the slate clean. Today a whiff of that revolutionary spirit is present in the recent call by Moscow political clubs for a new constitution.

So though we are not likely to see Muscovites storming the Lubyanka anytime soon, we may well see considerable turmoil in the Soviet Union. The French monarchy had survived civil war, invasion, famine, and plague. In the end, what it could not survive was *glasnost*.

DAVID A. BELL

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The real cost of the INF treaty.

A MISSILE TOO FAR

"ONE FOR ALL and all for one" has long been NATO's rallying cry. Since the alliance was founded in 1949, we have kept the peace in Europe through our willingness to use U.S. nuclear weapons in response to a Soviet blitzkrieg into Western Europe. The Warsaw Pact far outclasses NATO in tanks, troops, and every other key measure of "conventional" military power. In battle tanks—the decisive weapon in any Soviet offensive thrust—the Warsaw Pact outnumbers NATO by 3-to-1.

Despite this vulnerability, our NATO allies have given only lip service to bolstering their conventional strength. They have failed to make good their pledge to increase defense spending by three percent annually. And they have thumbed their noses at U.S. calls for wider "burden sharing"—that is, paying more of the cost of defending their continent. As our own budget deficits pile up, Congress is having second thoughts about footing the bill for 350,000 GIs on European soil.

BECAUSE OF this wobbly NATO defense, the credibility of our deterrent has been based on two weapons: the nuclear ground-launched cruise missile (GLCM) and the Pershing II. Both of these weapons are eliminated by the INF treaty. Therefore everyone agrees that it is imperative for NATO to bolster its conventional capability. However, the INF treaty also bans long-range *conventional* ground-launched cruise missiles—on the grounds that nuclear and conventional GLCMs look identical, making verification impossible without eliminating both. The unfortunate result is that NATO's one option for an effective, affordable, credible conventional deterrent is foreclosed.

President Reagan hailed the INF accord as the most significant nuclear arms treaty in history. It is. But few Americans have noticed that it is also the most significant *conventional* arms treaty in history. The United States dismantles its nuclear Pershing IIs and the U.S.S.R. dismantles its nuclear SS-20s. That's fair enough. But the United States abandons its long-range ground-launched cruise missiles and the U.S.S.R. abandons . . . nothing. The Soviets don't have long-range cruise missile technology. U.S. negotiators unilaterally surrendered our premier technological advantage—the conventional GLCM—and we got no concession from the Soviets in return.

The fact is, the Soviets have no need for long-range cruise missile technology. Even after the INF treaty, 90 percent of NATO forces will still be targeted by Soviet short-range missiles. In contrast, the treaty compels NATO to give up its current capacity to strike the Soviet Union with conventional weapons. So Western Europe remains fully targeted, but the Soviet Union gets off scot-free, gaining total immunity against NATO conventional missiles.

Bear in mind what we are giving up in the conventional GLCM. Technology has always been America's ace in the hole. And the GLCM, with its super high-tech guidance system, is a breathtaking technical innovation. Fired from New York City, one of these missiles could split the goal posts at the Orange Bowl in Miami. Three thousand conventional GLCMs deployed across Europe would give NATO the capacity to launch a devastating, pinpoint counterpunch against a Soviet attack. Such a GLCM defense has three big pluses: (1) It is *conventional*, thereby giving us an alternative to going nuclear and committing national suicide; (2) it is *credible*: the Soviets know we would use it, and they know it would stop their assault dead in its tracks; and

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(3) it is *affordable*: an arsenal of 3,000 conventional GLCMs could be purchased for the price of ten Stealth bombers. By banning conventional GLCMs, the INF treaty actually increases the chance of escalation to nuclear war. Faced with a Soviet attack, we will be obliged to put up with nuclear weapons or shut up.

This stark choice belies the U.S. pledge to defend Europe. For who believes that America will commit national suicide by going nuclear to defend, say, Berlin or the Bosporus? I guarantee you the Europeans don't believe it. So, in fact, we are left with neither a credible nuclear deterrent nor a credible conventional deterrent.

The credibility of our nuclear doctrine was hurting even before the INF treaty. The old "trip wire" doctrine—the idea that an attack on forward-based U.S. troops would trigger a nuclear response—has completely gone by the boards. In Korea, Chinese hordes marauded through our GI trip wire, but there was no nuclear response. A decade of war and 58,000 U.S. dead in Vietnam failed to set off any nuclear trip wire. Our troops in Europe serve as a trip wire to U.S. involvement, but not as an effective deterrent to aggression. And now the option of deploying an arsenal of conventional GLCMs in Europe—a true trip wire with teeth—has been outlawed by the INF treaty.

THE INF treaty's ban on conventional GLCMs undermines NATO in another critical respect. A NATO defense premised on, let us say, 3,000 conventional GLCMs would fully involve the alliance in key crisis decisions. A collective decision is all that is required to launch the GLCMs. But to go nuclear—even with nuclear artillery shells—requires permission from the supreme allied commander in Europe, who in turn requires approval from the president in Washington. This excludes the Europeans from the decision process, and deepens the already huge credibility gap. No one believes that an American president will give the required permission for Turkey to use tactical nuclear weapons to defend the Dardanelles, or for West Germany to go nuclear to save Berlin.

Conventional GLCMs would give NATO the capacity for a credible, effective response short of nuclear holocaust. The precision of conventional GLCMs gives each one the equivalent military value of a nuclear warhead; what the GLCM lacks in blast it makes up for in super accuracy. Yet the conventional GLCMs present no threat of radiation fallout or environmental catastrophe, so there would be no political objection to their deployment.

Two thousand conventional GLCMs deployed along the Central European front and another thousand in Turkey would pose a formidable deterrent to Warsaw Pact mischief. Each and every GLCM could be subject to inspection without notice, so the Soviets could verify that they were not carrying nuclear weapons. As a retaliatory weapon, conventional GLCMs would give us a capacity to strike with lethal accuracy at thousands of discrete Soviet targets: command posts, staging areas, supply depots, bridges, etc. Though this conventional GLCM arsenal would not pose an offensive threat to the Warsaw Pact, it would contain enough punishing power to discourage the Soviets from risking an invasion.

But if conventional GLCMs were not banned by the INF treaty and if NATO deployed 3,000 of them, wouldn't the Soviets deploy their own conventional GLCMs? And, given the past record of Soviet treaty violations, what if the Russians cheated by fitting some of their GLCMs with nuclear warheads? The answer is: it makes no difference whatsoever if they deploy 3,000 or 6,000 GLCMs, nor does it matter if every one is nuclear. The Soviets have already targeted every important NATO site with missiles *allowed* by the INF treaty. For the Soviets to cover those same targets with GLCMs would be completely redundant.

SO THE BAN on conventional GLCMs works strictly to the disadvantage of NATO. The obvious question is: Why would we give up this extraordinary weapon? The answer lies in the unique and peculiar way the Pentagon does business. Each military service is rigidly oriented to fulfilling its assigned mission. The Marines' mission is to seize and hold a specific objective until regular troops take over. The conventional cruise missile is not in the Marine arsenal. The Army focuses on the main line of resistance and outlying areas within artillery range. The conventional cruise missile is not in the Army arsenal. The Navy could adapt more ships to serve as launch platforms for conventional cruise missiles, but that would eliminate the need for all the admirals' toys—carrier groups with their planes and pilots—so the cruise missile is Navy heresy. The Air Force thinks in terms of manned penetration bombers, fighters, and "smart" bombs. Again, the conventional cruise missile jeopardizes the generals' traditional toys.

In short, the conventional long-range ground-launched cruise missile is a pariah within the Pentagon. So it comes as no surprise that our arms control negotiators cited the authority of the Joint Chiefs in claiming that "we have no current requirement for a conventionally armed GLCM."

So the unraveling of NATO now begins in earnest. NATO's loyal core has been reduced to the British, the West Germans, the Italians, the Turks, and the Americans. The rest of our allies are going it alone, like France, or bugging out, like Denmark. Norway is on the path to banning nuclear defense, Spain has expelled our F-16s, and Greece threatens to shut down vital U.S. bases in the Aegean. Now Germany is on the slippery slope toward not only denuclearization but also radical conventional cutbacks. The next step will be reunification with East Germany, and that would be the end of NATO.

The INF treaty returns us to a fatalistic, non-credible reliance on nuclear retaliation. It denies NATO its best bet for an affordable, effective, and credible conventional defense. And it signals to our allies that, henceforth, it is "every man for himself."

ERNEST F. HOLLINGS

Senator Fritz Hollings of South Carolina was the only Democrat to vote against the INF treaty.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Reel Lives

Thanks to the H. W. Wilson Company, film reference libraries are now in markedly better shape than they were six months ago. This spring Wilson published a two-volume biographical dictionary, *World Film Directors*, that is wider in scope, more detailed and balanced in treatment than any comparable book in English. Volume One (1890-1945)—that is, directors who were at work by 1945—and Volume Two (1945-1985) total 2,452 double-columned pages. Each page averages about 900 words, so the set contains about two-and-a-quarter million words. There are approximately 420 entries, each devoted to a single director—with his or her photograph, list of films, and a brief bibliography—so the average length per entry is about 5,000 words.

World Film Directors
edited by John Wakeman
(H. W. Wilson, Volume One, 1,247 pp., $90, Volume Two, 1,205 pp., $90)

This reviewer, with only one incarnation at his certain disposal, did not take the time to read all two-and-a-quarter million words. I read the A through C sections in both volumes—79 entries—then read at random some 70 more entries in both volumes. Thus the following comments are based on a reading of about one-third of the whole.

John Wakeman, the editor, was the editor of *Midcentury Authors* and other reliable reference books. Here, again, he has been clear-eyed and firm-handed in order to provide, as far as possible, an account of each director's career that is decently written, reasonably complete, factually careful, and that conveys, through balanced quotations from reviews, a fair estimate of the director's place in the art. The bibliographies are generally very much shorter than those in the Directors/Filmmakers volume of *The International Dictionary of Films and Filmmakers* (St. James Press, 1984), but the articles are very much longer. Each entry should be rewarding to the interested general reader and useful to the student.

As Wakeman's preface shows, he is well aware that fact and judgment in the film field are somewhat more whimsical than in literature; and he has labored to keep the work's keel even through the eight years of its preparation. One statement puzzles: "Most of the directors in this book did not expect their films to be analyzed frame by frame, but to stand or fall on the basis of a single viewing." Did Dickens expect more than one reading of his novels? Would such an apologia for analysis be required for a literary encyclopedia? Wakeman feels that, because of the condition he describes, it was necessary to include "not only the deliberations of academic critics but the spontaneous responses of good reviewers." Not to quibble with his terms, I note that many more reviewers are cited than academic critics.

Authorship is a bit vague. Wakeman says, "Except for a few signed articles, the book makes no claim to original research": most of the entries merely bring together already published materials. To me, the collation of scattered materials, especially when done so skillfully, is immensely helpful, but his statement leaves unclear who actually wrote the majority of the entries. An anonymous staff? The listed contributors as a group? Or both? The point matters because most of the unsigned articles are at least as well done as most of the signed ones.

Here are some notes on this welcome work, arranged by topic.

Range. A judiciously selected list of directors for each volume. The Inclusion/Omission game is easy to play here, as with any similar work. Why Claude Sautet and not Claude Berri? Why Márta Mészáros and not Károly Makk? Why John Carpenter and not John Badham? The entry on Youssef Chahine says he is one of the two leading Egyptian directors, but there is no entry for the other, Salah Abou Seif. Still, starting with the premise that a biographical dictionary is not a census, Wakeman has chosen relatively well. And even though he regrets in his preface that there are few entries on Third World directors, the book includes enlightening pieces on, among others, Lester James Peries of Sri Lanka and Ousman Sembène of Senegal.

Length of Entries. Another easy critical game to play with books of this kind is Sarcasm by Inches. "Director X gets twice as much space as Director Y. Apparently the editor thinks X twice as good as Y." Admittedly, a few of the entries seem undeservedly long, like those on Robert Aldrich and Leo McCarey. But, by and large, space has been allotted prudently, not only on the basis of a director's artistic accomplishments but also of influence or worldwide appeal. By all these criteria the four-and-a-half pages given to Billy Wilder don't seem disproportionate to the seven pages given Yasujiro Ozu.

Quality. Generally high. The entries on, to select a very few, DeMille, Ford, Griffith, Keaton, Chaplin, Antonioni, Kurosawa provide a good fundamental grasp of the life, films, temper of each. Sometimes, however, quotations are unattributed. Sometimes, even allowing for the needed compression, there are gaps in the biographies. How, for instance, did Alexander Kluge get from the practice and teaching of law to filmmaking?

Facts. Occasionally a waffled fact could have been fixed. Why say that Robert

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Big. Pleasant diversion. Tom Hanks, as a 35-year-old inhabited by the 13-year-old he once was, keeps this soufflé from collapsing. (Reviewed 7/4/88)

A Handful of Dust. That welcome rarity, a beautiful film made from a masterpiece of fiction. Alec Guinness is the best-known in an exceptional cast. (6/28/88)

Rikky and Pete. Amusingly incredible Australian comedy. Heading north from Melbourne, a sister and brother in their 20s get entertainingly embroiled. (6/20/88)

Wings of Desire. Peter Handke's screenplay is the strongest element in this quasi-symbolic story of an angel who seeks mortality in Berlin. (5/23/88)

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Rossen directed a Broadway play "in either 1931 or 1932" when ten seconds of research establishes it as 1932? But many of the entries contain odd chips of new fact—new to me, anyway. I hadn't known that Mike Nichols's maternal grandmother did the German translation of Wilde's *Salome* that Richard Strauss set to music; or that in Max Ophuls's film of *The Bartered Bride* (1932), the circus director was played by Karl Valentin, the Munich cabaret comedian who was a mentor of Bertolt Brecht.

Opinions. Doctrine and quirk, which so disfigured the two-volume *Cinema* (1980) edited by Richard Roud, are virtually absent here. Auteurism, to name one doctrine, rarely raises its tired but still hyperbolic head—as it does in the Frank Borzage article that tells us that Borzage was "the screen's ultimate romantic idealist," etc. Only rarely are arguable judgments left uncountered and prickly. How many readers, for example, would agree that Dreyer's *Jeanne d'Arc* is "deprived of any clear sense of the various settings" so that "we are left as helplessly disoriented as Joan herself"? Almost all the articles are treated, properly, as encyclopedia entries, not personal essays, and present a just perspective.

Errors. First, typos. In the entries that I read, I found 25. That number begins to tease the edge of toleration, especially in such an authoritative book. Factual errors—at least those that strike the eye without delving in the stacks—are rare. Some that I noted: Lawrence Tibbett was a baritone, not a tenor. John Cromwell's fourth wife was Ruth Nelson, not Ruth Gordon. Sidney Lumet played the boy Jesus in the Broadway production of *Journey to Jerusalem* (1940), not only (if at all) in "a filmed record" of the play. René Clair couldn't have had uncomfortable "meetings" with Marcel Proust: Clair himself said he met Proust only once.

Errors will doubtless be corrected in the future editions that this work certainly deserves. But future editions are unlikely to help two worries that its very merits only increase.

One of them is ignorance. Even allowing for the impossibility of seeing all the potentially rewarding films in the world, it's still depressing to read of films that I want to see and that I'll never see, either because they are not available or because they don't exist any longer. For example, Mario Camerini's *Two Anonymous Letters* (1945), which, like *Open City*, is set in occupied Rome and is said to rival Rossellini's film.

The second worry grows out of the first. More and more films are disappearing all the time—films that I *have* seen and that I value. (A quick handful: Chabrol's *Landru*, Monicelli's *The Organizer*, Duvivier's *The End of the Day*, Gilliat's *The Notorious Gentleman*.) The 35mm prints grow scarce because the films were not successful in theaters, and the 16mm prints, if such ever existed, vanish from catalogs because the rentals have dwindled. Add to these factors the success of videotapes, which narrow the market as they intensify it, like best-seller lists, and the sky really looks overcast.

Since the beginning, the basic fictions about film have been that (particularly as compared with the theater) it is universally available and unshakably permanent. Neither of those beliefs has ever been true, and they are becoming even less true. What haunts me about this fine work by Wakeman and his colleagues is its overtone: it seems almost as much a memorial as a history.

Men and women are different in matters of romance, and Darwin explains why.

WHY MEN ARE STILL BEASTS

BY ROBERT WRIGHT

THE LOGIC behind the sexual revolution seemed compelling at the time: (1) Sex is fun; (2) Lots of sex will be lots of fun. But there must have been a flaw in the argument somewhere, because just about everyone seems to agree that sexual liberation has brought as much pain as joy, and that its present demise is not something to mourn.

Maybe the weak link was the underlying assumption that males and females aren't very different when it comes to sex, love, and romance. Obviously, this assumption was a vital one; it permitted men and women to hop in bed without worrying that their differing motivations and expectations might leave a messy aftermath. And, obviously, if the assumption was wrong, it's no mystery why the revolution fostered a lot of painful misunderstandings.

What's amazing, in retrospect, is that the assumption took hold so fast, because it violated stereotypes that had been thriving for much of the preceding two million years of human history. Women, the conventional wisdom had long held, prefer that sex be linked to love, or at least romance; what they're ultimately looking for is an emotional investment, a lasting commitment. Men, on the other hand, have long been thought of as little more than animals: they mainly want sex, and, though they occasionally get romantic in pursuing it, they ultimately accept commitment largely because society expects it of them; if left to their own devices, they'd do nothing but seduce and abandon. This is a caricature, of course, but it roughly captures the folk wisdom that had gone largely unchallenged until the 1960s.

Dreams of Love and Fateful Encounters: The Power of Romantic Passion
by Ethel Spector Person
(W. W. Norton, 384 pp., $18.95)

Now, as the smoke clears, this folk wisdom seems to be reinsinuating itself in the zeitgeist. Single men and women, struck by how often love affairs bring something other than what they were after, are muttering once again about how different the sexes are. Women are writing books that begin by assuming men are hard to hold on to and then give tips for holding on to them. Even feminists—who did as much as the sexual revolution itself to popularize the idea of the inherent symmetry of the sexes—are conceding that men and women are

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deeply, if not innately, different when it comes to romance. Meanwhile, traditionalists are jumping on the bandwagon too. Of course men and women are different, they're saying; that's why you need things like long, abstinent courtships—to keep women from getting hurt. The moral pendulum, it's safe to say, is swinging to the right.

IF IT STARTS swinging back to the left anytime soon, Ethel Spector Person can rightly claim that she was in the vanguard of change. Person, who teaches psychiatry at Columbia University, has written a book called *Dreams of Love and Fateful Encounters: The Power of Romantic Passion*. The book's niche is well-defined. It's a conscious departure from all the pragmatic prescriptions for finding and keeping a man, for making marriages last, for fashioning a "mature" love out of the differing expectations of the sexes. Person clears her throat early in the book and declares herself a champion, rather, of *passionate* love.

Indeed, a passionate champion of passionate love: "In love," she writes, "the lover concentrates all his desire on the single object of his passion. He desires her with his soul and with his body." And once he gets her: "The lovers savor the secret knowledge that is theirs. In their experience, never has there been such rapture, such transport, such transcendence and bliss. The flesh of a peach, the luminosity of early morning, the sound of distant churchbells—the pleasure the lover takes in all these small experiences is heightened by love, suffused with special meaning."

Sounds great. But you can't help wondering: How long does this particular phase of love last? A few days? A month? Until the third anniversary? Such questions draw a stern rebuke from Person. "Even if romantic love is often short-lived, how mistaken it is to think that its transience disqualifies it from significance. Such a point of view bespeaks a miserly and reductive way of thinking, as though love were a thing, to be acquired and retained if it is to be of value." To follow Person's prescription for finding meaning in the 1980s, you have to stop worrying so much about how long things will last. Instead, she seems to believe, you should follow your passion where it leads, and let the chips fall where they may.

It would be nice if things were this simple. But they're not, and the reason is that the suspicion now dawning on pretty much everyone is well-founded: men and women are fundamentally different in matters of sex, romance, and love. What's more, these differences appear to be inherent. Though there are various theories as to their origin, by far the most plausible is the Darwinian one. It holds that evolution inscribed the differing dispositions in the genes—and that passion will thus forever remain a very different thing for men than for women. And if men and women blindly pursue it, neither one is likely to wind up happy.

TO GRASP the Darwinian line on passion, it helps to grasp the Darwinian line on emotions generally: they're something natural selection built into us as a way to control our behavior in the interests of survival and reproduction. For instance, fear and anger, presumably, exist because they've long been useful in protecting us; fear ensures vigilance against threats, and anger helps vanquish threats. Passion, similarly, exists because it leads to sexual intercourse, and thus to offspring.

If you accept this conception of passion—as nature's way of warming us up to sex—then the next step in understanding the meaning of passion is clear: figure out the meaning of sex. Specifically, the question is: How, according to the theory of evolution, are men and women likely to differ in their approaches toward sex? One way to answer this question is to play the role natural selection has played in human history: pretend you're in charge of programming the brains of human (and prehuman) beings with the rules of behavior that will guide them through life, and that the object of the game is to maximize each person's genetic legacy. To oversimplify a bit: you're supposed to make each person behave in such a way that he or she is likely to have lots of offspring—offspring, moreover, who themselves have lots of offspring.

Of course, there are differences between what you're doing when you play this game and what natural selection actually does. Natural selection doesn't *consciously* maximize the genetic legacy of organisms. It just blindly preserves the genetically based traits that lead to survival and reproduction; it favors, by definition, the genes most conducive to their own proliferation. Nonetheless, natural selection works *as if* it were consciously designing organisms, so this game is a legitimate way to figure out what sorts of behavioral tendencies evolution is likely to have ingrained in people.

In trying to maximize everyone's genetic legacy, you'd quickly discover that this goal implies different behavioral rules for men and women. Why? Because men can reproduce hundreds of times a year, assuming they can persuade enough women to cooperate, whereas women can't reproduce more than once a year. For a woman, each child represents a huge investment of time, not to mention energy, and nature has allotted her no more than 20 or so investments in the course of her lifetime. So it's in the interests of her genes for her to be discriminating in matters of sex; assuming there are many men eager to mate with her (which, for reasons we'll come to, will typically be the case), she should size up her mate fairly carefully before letting him in on the investment. The big question is: Will union with this man produce offspring who are likely to survive and reproduce?

THE WOMAN needn't actually ask herself this question. Indeed, much of the evolution we're talking about took place well before our ancestors were smart enough to ask much of anything. But the theory of evolution predicts that this question should be implicit in the criteria by which a female selects a mate; that in turning passion on and off, her brain will generally act in the interests of her genes. For example, if life is a jungle, and brute strength is the main determinant of survival, a woman should favor a big, strong man, so that (among other reasons) the genes that made him big and strong will be passed on to her children. To the extent that survival calls for more than brute strength, she may look for other things too—brains, for example, assuming intelligence is in some part genetic (which it is). And, in addition to doing a trait-by-trait inventory, she can look for a man who's succeeded in amassing lots of resources and establishing a secure and formidable position within society; the implicit assumption is that whatever it takes to get by in the world, he must have it. (The study of non-human primate societies suggests that during much of our evolutionary history, social status has been correlated with access to critical resources.) Besides, even if his genetic endowment has nothing to do with his social status and wealth, he can still use these advantages to further

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the interests of his mate and children.

Assuming he sticks around. This is another factor that should figure heavily in the woman's evaluation: she would prefer a man, ideally, who will be around when the child is born. After all, she *has* to be around then, and it would be in the interests of her genes to have some help. So it might make sense, before committing herself to sex, to spend some time trying to discern the man's long-term prospects. Is he loyal? Is he faithful? Is he deeply attracted to her? You can never be sure about these things, but an educated guess would be worth making.

And what of the man's selection of a mate? What should he be looking for? It's tempting to answer: anything he can get his hands on. After all, he, unlike the woman, can theoretically have hundreds of children a year. If he can convince lots of different women to sleep with him—and, as we've seen, it probably will take some convincing—he's likely to have a substantial genetic legacy. In evolution, that's all that counts.

FORTUNATELY for civilization, the picture is more complex than this. Rampant, indiscriminate sexual conquest may *not*, for a variety of reasons, be the male's ideal mating strategy. For example, if the jungle is such a dangerous place that a child stands almost no chance of survival without two parents, then the logic of evolution could militate in favor of pair bonding (as zoologists refer to marriage). Obviously, at some point in our evolutionary history, some such factors endowed men with a capacity for emotional attachments of long duration.

On the other hand, having settled down, a man might nonetheless gain, in genetic terms, by doing a little discreet philandering; so long as the illegitimate child's chances of surviving are greater than zero, and the cheating doesn't lower the chances of the legitimate offspring's surviving and reproducing, it can't hurt, in evolutionary terms. In contrast, indiscriminate philandering on a woman's part doesn't make evolutionary sense; assuming her mate is fertile, it probably won't increase the number of her offspring. To be sure, there are circumstances under which cheating does make genetic sense for the female, but they're relatively narrow.

You can play this game forever, delving into ever more detailed evolutionary scenarios, trying to discern even the finest-grained differences that natural selection might build into the sexes. But for our purposes, this broadbrush view will do: the theory of natural selection predicts that, to the extent that romantic and sexual behavior are genetically governed, women will seek a man who is big and strong, fairly smart, of high social standing (perhaps wealthy), and yet, notwithstanding all these things, good—loyal and faithful and full of everlasting love for her. Men, on the other hand, are expected to be much less discriminating about whom they sleep with, and less eager to keep their mates around for years and years. To be sure, it may make genetic sense for a male to settle down with one woman, and if so he can be expected to scrutinize her first, seeking much the same physical, mental, and moral fitness that she will want in him. (Her fidelity, in particular, is a matter of keen interest to him; evolution doesn't tolerate males who spend their time raising other men's kids.) But he shouldn't be so single-minded in his pursuit of lasting love, nor necessarily so faithful once he's found it. In short: men should be much more able than women to separate sex from love. Does any of this sound familiar?

IT SHOULD. Because the evidence is strong that the men and women described above—the men and women you'd expect to see if the rules of romance were written in the genes by natural selection—are, broadly speaking, the men and women who populate the world today. The evidence consists not just of casual observations and time-honored stereotypes (although everything from male locker-room humor to male midlife crises does, indeed, seem to support the Darwinian view), but of behavior patterns found throughout the world.

It seems that in every culture, sex is implicitly or explicitly considered something women "give" to ever-eager men. In every modern culture, the market for raw pornography—spiritless flesh—is essentially male, while the market for romance novels—in which sex always comes with a real human being attached, and is typically intertwined with love—is essentially female. In every culture, prostitution is almost exclusively a service for males. And look at the behavior of homosexuals, who don't have to compromise their sexual ideals with those of the opposite sex: gay males are decidedly more promiscuous, and more drawn to impersonal sex, than gay females.

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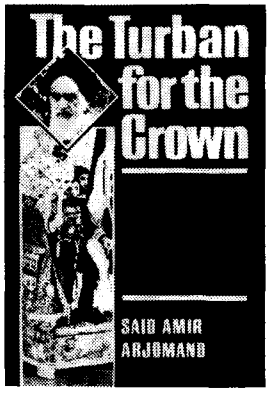

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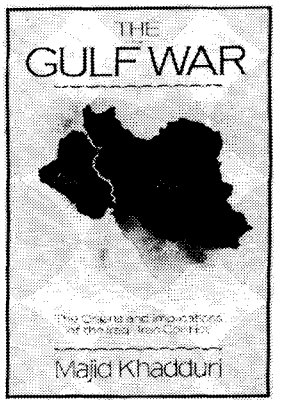

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I could go on, but it's easier to direct any doubters to buy a copy of *The Evolution of Human Sexuality* (Oxford University Press) by Donald Symons. That is, if you can find one. Though the book made a splash when published in 1979 (as the first phase of the sociobiology controversy was climaxing) and continues to be influential in some academic circles, it hasn't become what it deserves to be: required reading for anyone who wants to understand human sexuality and, by implication, human romance and even love. Indeed, the mere publication of a book like *Dreams of Love and Fateful Encounters* attests to the fact that the world hasn't yet gotten Symons's (and, really, Darwin's) message: the origins of the basic contours of the human mating game are no longer a mystery. No one playing strictly by the rules of science can reasonably subscribe to any explanation other than the Darwinian one.

AT THIS POINT in the discussion, someone usually points out that nobody's *proved* that the observed differences between men and women in romantic and sexual matters is substantially genetic in its basis. All that's been proved is that people behave *as if* their behavior were under strong genetic influence. How do we know this isn't just a coincidence? We don't. (Although a growing body of physiological evidence suggests it isn't—beginning with the fact that male brains, heavily influenced by the genetically controlled release of testosterone, develop differently from female brains.) But that's true of science generally: theories are never really proved; they're just found either to account for or to fail to account for the evidence. And the simplest theory that accounts for the evidence wins. In physics and sociology alike, there aren't right theories and wrong theories. There are just good theories and bad theories.

In this case, the evolutionary theory seems to be the best. It starts out with only a few simple, unassailable assumptions (e.g., for millions of years, males and females have differed in the circumstances under which they can reproduce) and with them accounts quite precisely for the complex behaviors in question. In fact, the evolutionary explanation isn't just the best scientific explanation going. It's just about the only explanation that's truly scientific. Most of the others are either hopelessly fuzzy and beyond the reach of empirical falsification (like Freudian explanations) or they beg the question. For example, you often hear that the differences between the sexes are culturally ingrained. And, no doubt, they *are*, to some extent; the fruits of genetic evolution are typically mirrored in, and thereafter reinforced by, cultural evolution. But how did these differences come to be part of every culture in the first place, if the genes didn't bias the entire species toward them?

ETHEL PERSON has done a great job of demonstrating the power of the evolutionary explanation and the poverty of alternative approaches. This would be a more impressive feat if it had been intentional. Instead, she meant to do something quite different: demonstrate that the differences between the sexes can be found largely in the circumstances of early life—specifically, in the spooky Freudian forces that supposedly surround us from day one. That's why her book is so valuable: even though she had no intention of vindicating the theory of natural selection, her clinical observations mesh with it remarkably. So close is the match, in fact, that her strained attempts to explain these observations in Freudian terms give the book an unintended poignance.

Person insists at the outset that love "does not discriminate between the sexes." Granted, "men and women may be more interested in love at different times in the life cycle or may be more vulnerable to different distortions of love." But, "the power of love does not by nature affect one sex more than the other." In her chapter on the differences between the sexes, she goes into detail about some of these "distortions." She writes, "Women are more at ease with the mutuality implicit in love, as well as the surrender, while men tend to interpret mutuality as dependency and defend against it by separating sex from love." Indeed, the typical man "stands ready to demand sexual and amorous fidelity while disavowing it himself. . . . He fantasizes about omni-available women and dreams of sex with two women at a time. Often he seeks simultaneous love relationships with two women . . ."

So far so good; this is indeed the sad truth. But then Person shifts into her explanatory mode, which means, for her, getting Freudian. "Women's preoccupation with pair-bonding and the fear of its disruption can perhaps best be understood in the context of specific features of the female Oedipal constellation. The fact that the girl relinquishes her first object—her mother—in favor of her father has several important ramifications." And so on. As for the tendency of men to "divorce romantic longing from sexual longing," the problem is that they're afraid to love: "The male's fear of the female (and his anger at her) stems from different developmental levels: fear of the pre-Oedipal mother of infancy who abandons/engulfs; of the phallic-narcissistic mother who confirms/denigrates masculinity; of the Oedipal mother who cannot be fulfilled, who rejects and falsely seduces, and who prefers the father."

IT SEEMS obvious—to me, at least—that the evolutionary explanation is much simpler than Person's explanation, less dependent on vague concepts of dubious validity. But that doesn't necessarily spell doom for the Freudian approach, because evolutionary and Freudian theories aren't, strictly speaking, in competition; they're in principle compatible. After all, even if we accept the idea that the genes give the two sexes different behavioral predispositions, the question remains as to how the predisposing gets done. In broad terms, the answer is known: genes build the brain, which governs behavior. But we don't know exactly what sorts of cerebral mechanisms incline, say, men toward separating sex from love. It may be that one of these mechanisms is the fear of intimacy Person alludes to. And it's not inconceivable that Freudian explanations of this fear capture some of the underlying cerebral dynamics. I wouldn't bet on it, but it's possible. Anyway, more fundamental Freudian concepts—id, ego, and superego, and the general emphasis on the unconscious—stand a decent chance of eventual congruence with the theory of natural selection.

One reason you don't hear much about the possibility of a synthesis of Darwinian and Freudian thought is that so few Freudians have a sophisticated understanding of Darwinism. (This tradition dates back to Freud himself; though he fancied himself a state-of-the-art scientist, and tried to keep his ideas informed by the theory of evolution, some of his most recently discovered writings demonstrate substantial ignorance as to what Darwin was talking about.) Another reason is that behavioral biologists, though often impressed with Freud's insights into the human predicament (notably as rendered in *Civilization and Its Discontents*), are by now so fed up

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with modern-day Freudian obfuscation that most of them would rather bury Freud than rescue him. So a reconciliation of Darwin and Freud—even assuming one is possible, which isn't yet clear—is unlikely to happen anytime soon. If one never comes, and it turns out to be a battle to the death, my money's on Darwin.

A good example of how an evolutionary perspective could inform a psychoanalytic perspective is the well-documented tendency of men to dichotomize womankind—whether through the infamous Madonna-Whore complex or some more subtle version of the idea that there are "two kinds of women." From a Darwinian stance, it's easy to come up with provocative speculation on the roots of this syndrome. It may, for example, have something to do with the two kinds of sex that can make genetic sense for a male: the long-term commitment kind, and the sneaking around on the side kind. Or it may be a mechanism that facilitates dumping women suspected of infidelity, somewhat as our remarkable capacity to dichotomize people as either allies or enemies facilitates guiltless killing during war.

These are tentative ideas, and they may well be wrong. But they're more plausible than Person's baroque, Freudian explanation, which is completely untethered to our understanding of the process that created human beings: "Just as the girl may register problems with the Oedipal father and not just the Oedipal mother, so, too, does the boy's erotic development show the traces of tensions with *both*." You know what this can lead to: "The female genitals and the female herself. . . will become a secondary source of castration anxiety and the mother, along with the father, will be seen as a potential castrater. And so it is that the Dark Lady is born in the imagination."

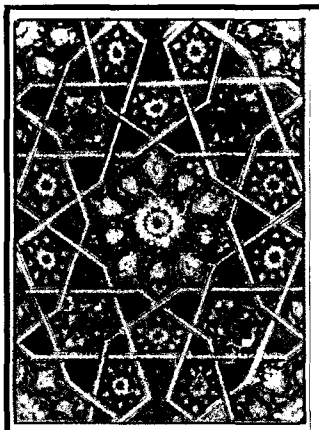
ONE COMMON reaction to the evolutionary line on romance is that it may be true but it's not helpful; it will only serve to depress us all and will probably shore up the status quo. Men will see in Darwinism the long-awaited proof that they're born to philander. Women will remain forever the second sex.

There are several points to make in response. First, this complaint better not come from any Freudians, who make their living on the assumption that the truth will set you free. Second, the theory of evolution isn't all that broad in its implication of differences between the sexes, so taking it seriously needn't return us to a world where women do dishes and change diapers while men smoke cigars. When it comes to observed differences in career drive, career choice, intellect (the analytical/aesthetic or math/verbal split), and other areas, the picture gets much cloudier. Only in the realm of romance does Darwin speak unequivocally: the basic difference in reproductive roles, which has existed since long before we were human, implies clear-cut behavioral differences that are borne out empirically. Third, even within the realm of romance, it's likely that understanding the evolutionary roots of human nature can actually help things. Or, to turn the proposition around: not understanding them can hurt. Witness Person's book. It embodies exactly the kind of dreamy idealism that not only failed to lead us to Nirvana in the '60s, but probably left us worse off than before.

"'Good' love," she writes, "is love that ultimately promotes the lover's sense of self-worth and liberates him from the strictures of self. Whether that love lasts the millennium is not the overriding consideration." Someone old-fashioned might ask Person: What is love for, then, if not to give coherence to your entire life? Anyone who's had even a passing encounter with a shrink could guess her answer: love is a tool for personal transformation. It's "one of life's pre-eminent crucibles for change"; it's "not only a major route to self-transcendence, but to self-realization and self-transformation as well." In short, psychotherapy isn't here to help you love; love is here in the service of psychotherapy.

Seeing romance in this light leads naturally to awareness of the virtue of adultery, during which "the passionate yearning stage of love, which is usually relatively brief, can be sustained for an uncharacteristically long time." (True. And passion between spouses can be sustained, too, so long as they only see each other for an hour a week in a Holiday Inn.) Person concedes that adultery has its down side. Still, "it cannot be denied that some of the most transforming and positive love affairs are in fact adulterous."

Among the problems with looking at love as an adjunct to psychotherapy is that, after all the transformations and



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liberations, all the self-transcendence and self-realization, there's work to be done. Specifically, children need to be brought into the world and, when possible, turned into stable, happy, and productive adults—goals that call for keeping their development as free as possible from such traumas as divorce, parental infidelity, and general narcissistic neglect. If this were the only problem with the world implied by Person's injunction to pursue romance fervently—if rampant divorce and perennial singleness took a toll only on collective social responsibilities—we could engage in a good long debate about whether adults should have to sacrifice personal happiness for the greater good of posterity. But let's face it: Person's world doesn't bring personal happiness anyway.

Just ask some of the people who have been living in it for the past two decades—all the women, for example, who are entering their 40s alone and childless, or with children and no husband. Or ask all the men that age who also are divorced or never married. You won't find them especially fulfilled either. Of course, the childless men, unlike the childless women, aren't watching their prospects for parenthood rapidly approach zero, and their chances of future romance aren't shrinking at all; one of the more stubborn differences between the sexes is that men remain marketable longer than women do. (This is exactly what you'd expect from evolution, since men stay fertile longer.) Still, men and women alike are in some measure victims of the Person prescription. They've pursued their passions, and it hasn't left them with a deep and lasting bond to another human being.

AND WHY NOT? Because passion is different for men and women. If evolution has indeed made men less selective about sex partners, and less inclined to latch on to them permanently, then you'd expect male passion to come and go more easily than female passion; you'd expect that, as Symons has observed, men fall into and out of passionate love more easily than women. Further, you'd expect men often to fall out of it after a few weeks, or months, or maybe years, of sex—after, to put it crudely (and metaphorically), their genes have gotten what they wanted. As nature would have it, this is just when women are probably *not* especially inclined to fall out of love. It wouldn't make much evolutionary sense, as we've seen, for a woman to dump a man casually once she's let him invest in her offspring. This fundamental asymmetry suggests that, so long as men and women float around pursuing passionate love, and nothing else, they'll have trouble coming to lasting terms with each other.

None of this is to say, by the way, that women never dump a mate and never view sex as a conquest, or that infidelity at middle-age isn't ever a temptation, or a reality, for women. Human behavior is immensely complex, and highly sensitive to the environment—which may be quite different, bear in mind, from the environment in which evolution took place. Nonetheless, the theory of natural selection implies strong differences of behavioral *disposition*; it says that women should, in a general, statistical sense, be less prone to certain behaviors than men. And the evidence indicates that this is the case.

IT ISN'T immediately clear, in light of all these seemingly depressing truths, where hope lies. The traditions that have been crumbling—like taking wedding vows with a straight face, and whispering very bad things about people who break them—seem to have embodied great wisdom about the nature of men and women. Marriage is an institution that was cleverly designed to reconcile the differing interests of the sexes—and to reconcile these interests, moreover, with the larger social goals of raising children and keeping life fairly civilized.

Sure, there are plenty of legitimate gripes about marriage, including the rigid division of labor it long implied, and the state of abject dependence that women were once relegated to. But these things aren't inherent in monogamous marriage, as many couples have recently demonstrated. Marriage has other shortcomings too, and always will. But what can you expect? As we've seen, it doesn't have much to work with in the way of raw materials.

Whether marriage can make a real comeback—resist the erosion of infidelity in an age of easy contraception and waning religious faith—remains to be seen. And one critical question is whether, once men know the ugly Darwinian truth about themselves, things won't get even worse. There's no doubt that scores of husbands will be delighted to hear that their philandering is "genetically programmed." They'll jump to embrace the mistaken inference that there's nothing they can do about it.

But most such men are already convinced that they're different from women, and have been justifying infidelity with exactly this rationale all along. To men capable of reflection and self-control, the evolutionary view only underscores the absurdity and futility of their passing fancies and midlife crises: it's all just a trick their genes use to get them in the sack. And the ultimate consequences of succumbing are—given that men and women are just plain different—unlikely to be pleasant for anyone involved.

MAYBE THE BEST hope, in the end, is that men will learn how to use their genes rather than being used by them; that they'll learn to seize one of the deeper passing fancies fairly early in life and work hard at making it something other than passing. There's testimony from many generations of men that this can be done. And there's testimony, from some of them, at least, that it's worth the trouble; that a coherent life, shared with another person (and several little people), is, in the final analysis, far preferable to endless aimlessness punctuated by spasms of "transcendence and self-transformation," as Person might put it. One of the most miraculous things about evolution is that it has built into both sexes the capacity not just for passion or romance but for lasting love. One sex may have to work harder for it than the other, but millions of satisfied customers agree that it's attainable. They've learned the law of the modern jungle: real fulfillment—spiritual fulfillment, if you like—comes only after you understand that narrow self-interest is a dim guiding light. That's the difference between beasts and men.

For men who would rather not face the futility of the eternal quest for young flesh, Ethel Person's book will serve as a great blindfold. She writes: "It is in the search for something else, something new and Other, that we come to find renewed meaning and hope in life." Love, she says, is "a wonderfully elegant and efficient means of tying up many of the unresolved issues and loose ends of our lives and devising new and more vital syntheses. Love always gives us one more chance." That it does. But what Person doesn't understand—and can't, as a woman, be expected to understand—is that men, if left to the dictates of the more ancient parts of their brains, will *always* want one more chance. And each time they tie up some loose ends, others will come unraveled. □

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THE DISENCHANTED EYE

Stephen Crane: Prose and Poetry
edited by J. C. Levenson

(Library of America, 1,379 pp., $27.50)

The Correspondence of Stephen Crane
edited by Stanley Wertheim and Paul Sorrentino

(Columbia University Press, Volume One, 320 pp., Volume Two, 352 pp., $65)

By the time he was 25, Stephen Crane was famous, and before he reached 30, he was dead. Born in New Jersey into a family that was, he said, full "of the old ambling-nag, saddle-bag, exhorting kind" of preachers, he died, probably of a mix of malaria and tuberculosis, in an English manor house to which he had moved with the madam of a Florida brothel. How he got from the pious household in Asbury Park to the fetid mansion in Surrey is a short but complicated story. It is, among other things, a preview of all the later American writers destroyed by early success. Crane, moreover, was aware of what was happening to him. "People may just as well discover now," he wrote in 1897, three years before his death, "that the high dramatic key of The Red Badge cannot be sustained." A little later he was complaining that "my importance has widened and everybody sits down and calmly waits to see me be a chump."

Crane sounds, in his frankest letters, like a typecast young actor searching for a new part: he had, all his life, preened and groomed himself for notice. His successes at military school were in marksmanship and baseball. At Syracuse University he was remembered as a fop who, in the cupola of his fraternity house, liked to smoke his hookah and hold forth on his exploits with gamblers and whores. On the evidence of his letters, it would seem that he never quite outgrew his adolescent self-consciousness. In 1892 the college boy writes consolingly to a prep-school buddy in Virginia that if he should "lack females of the white persuasion" it was well to remember that "black is quite good—if—if its [sic] yellow and young." In 1896, the year of William Jennings Bryan's passionate campaign for the presidency, the world-famous novelist was using the phrase "social crisis" to refer to his anxiety about giving dinner-party toasts.

This was the writer whom Alfred Kazin had in mind when he said that Crane "cared not a jot which way the world went." He was a fin-de-siècle combination of two distinct but related literary types: the debunker (whom we recognize today in Tom Wolfe or Gore Vidal) and the "minimalist" (Frederick Barthelme or Mary Robison). Crane got his start writing newspaper dispatches from Jersey-shore hotels, in which the tourist attended posture classes to learn the "scientific" way of picking up a chair. He went on to Cuba and Greece as a war correspondent. Journalism was his schooling, and mockery the leading impulse of his early work, yet he did not exempt himself from the range of his contempt.

One of the bitterest passages in all his work, from a novel of 1899 called *Active Service*, tells of a reporter who convinces a bumpkin couple to allow a photograph to be taken of their deformed baby who is expected to die momentarily:

> Afterward as the correspondent and the photographer were climbing into their buggy, the mother crept furtively down to the gate and asked, in a foreigner's dialect, if they would send her a copy of the photograph. The correspondent, carelessly indulgent, promised it. [He] was elate; he told the photographer that the *Eclipse* would probably pay fifty dollars for the article and the photograph.

One can almost taste the nausea in this passage. There was a good deal of self-hatred in Stephen Crane.

While on a muckraking tour of Midwestern mining towns in 1894, Crane granted an interview to a young college journalist at the University of Nebraska named Willa Cather, who later recalled that "I have never known so bitter a heart in any man as he revealed to me that night." Crane was, as Cather sensed, something like a precocious George Sanders character, cackling at an early age over the absurd disproportion between the size of human emotion and the pettiness of the stakes. Much of his writing is committed to illustrating the absence, not just in art but in the affective life of human beings, of what Eliot was soon to call the "objective correlative" for emotion.

"The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art," Eliot decreed, "is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion; such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked." According to Crane's smaller and parodic imagination, life itself was, in exactly these terms, an aesthetic botch: an incessant melodrama performed by overwrought actors whose "emotion" is always, in the phrase Eliot applied to the fretful Hamlet, "in excess of the facts as they appear"—excessive, that is, to everyone outside the afflicted self.

The reason for this seeming disproportion is that while there may be such entities as objective phenomena (bullets piercing human flesh in *The Red Badge of Courage*, disfigurement by spilled acid in "The Monster"), human feeling remains essentially private and incommunicable. Crane's world is thus populated by isolated perceivers, whose responses to phenomena (the sense of panic and pain in *The Red Badge of Courage*, the revulsion at the socially unassimilable freak in "The Monster") may sometimes converge, but who have no shared relation to anything that might be called stable truth. Thus *The Red Badge of Courage* is a book about a young man whose trivial head wound, incurred from a random rifle butt in the scramble of retreat, becomes, absurdly, a symbol of courage. It becomes such a symbol because it accidentally conforms, as one among many bloody gashes, to the visual grammar of war. But it signifies bravery in a world where bravery is a sham.

There is, still, an irresistible urge to read *The Red Badge of Courage* as a bildungsroman. It has long been an English teacher's favorite, because it has a conveniently interrogatory form: What, it obliges us to ask, does Henry Fleming learn? There are no civics-class answers to this question. If he learns anything, it seems to be that his mind makes the world, and that the world makes nonsense. At one point he walks, by what feels to him like a "religious half light,"

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into a natural "chapel" formed by arching pine boughs. There he expects to find respite from the din of battle, but he discovers instead a green corpse with open mouth turned putrid yellow, along the upper lip of which runs a file of ants, "trundling some sort of a bundle." The book is rich in colors; but the recurrent promise of green—to awaken and redeem—is no more fulfilled than is the promise of red to humble the unscathed witnesses by confronting them with evidence of sacrifice.

On one occasion during Fleming's march, "the ranks opened covertly to avoid [a] corpse. The invulnerable dead man forced a way for himself. The youth looked keenly at the ashen face. The wind raised the tawny beard. It moved as if a hand were stroking it." Nature is a jester here, providing simulacra of human desires (in this case, a tender touch), but never the real thing. The reason, Crane seems to be hinting, is that reality is only apprehensible through the habitual, or the eccentric, interpretations that the mind projects onto raw phenomena. There is no neutral language for the movement of the beard in the wind—unless it is the language of aerodynamics or the physical properties of hair, which are, in fact, the kind of empirical impasse toward which Crane's prose was tending. Thus there is, for Crane, no intrinsic moral meaning in the world. His biggest laugh is always at the expense of those who think there might be one.

What is often missed in the discussion of Crane is the degree to which these habits of mind arose and found a responsive readership in America in the aftermath of the Civil War. Barely ten years after the publication of *The Red Badge of Courage*, William James was putting quotation marks around "the true," and defining it as "only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as 'the right' is only the expedient in the way of our behaving." This was news in a culture saturated with religious certitude. Despite Crane's relative philosophical (and even literary) innocence, *The Red Badge of Courage* participates in this shift of epistemological assumptions. It is a novel about a man whose inherited ideas of truth fail him. Truth, as James described it, is "any idea that helps us to *deal*, whether practically or intellectually, with either the reality or its belongings, that doesn't entangle our progress in frustrations, that *fits*, in fact, and adapts our life to the reality's whole setting." Truth is a function of language, and a response to human need; but it is language that fails Henry Fleming as he gets entangled in the reality of war. His visions of chapels and valor and brawn cannot save him.

Like others who wrote and read about the war, Crane came to hate ornament. He stripped his prose virtually bare—yielding a style that, by the principle of contrast, makes the people in his fictions seem like compulsive prettifiers. Here is his slum girl in *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*, contemplating the object of her passion:

> Maggie observed Pete.... His hair was curled down over his forehead in an oiled bang. His rather pugged nose seemed to revolt from contact with a bristling moustache of short, wire-like hairs.... His patent-leather shoes looked like murder-fitted weapons.... Maggie perceived that here was the beau ideal of a man.

Just as he treated Maggie with derision, Crane dismissed the popular novels of his day as "pink valentines." But in his compensatory "realism," he too often treated material that he did not really know. The characters in *Maggie*, for example, during their regular outbreaks of domestic violence, destroy the family furnishings again and again—a circumstance that led F. O. Matthiessen to remark that Crane was overlooking "a fact that Dreiser would not have forgotten, that there would have been no money to replace" the furniture after the first rampage. Matthiessen was right: Crane's real subject was not the texture, the lived detail, of experience, not poverty or war or sex or greed or race hatred, but the solipsistic condition of the human mind, which he regarded not as a pathology restricted to certain social classes, but as a universal human failing.

Crane's legacy to American letters, therefore, is one of style more than theme. This influence can be recognized, for example, in these sentences from Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* (1926):

> In the square a man, bent over, was playing on a reed-pipe, and a crowd of children were following him shouting, and pulling at his clothes.... We saw his blank pock-marked face as he went by, piping, the chil-

CHARON'S BOAT

after Patinier

This is the sort of light
in which there are the two of us

focused, for a moment, on the fiery leaf of a man
poling his boat from one shore to the other

where beasts, as final & etched as birth,
sleep near the mouth of a watery underground palace.

From some chink in the foundation
the glare of a fire traces each leaf,

each particular red-veined deliquescence,
as if each added to each composed an odyssey

and not the shuttle of a ferry across the water.
Now, each life of his, each journey,

is passengerless, so this is the end, endlessly rehearsed.
Gnarled souls no longer tumble into the abyss.

No one floats into the fiery perspective of the sky.
The man keeps his leaf of a boat on the lick of a wave,

arms arced back as if to shove the boat forward,
but he's wavering, pushing the hair & beard away.

Each undulation, each lick & curl, keeps us
at a distance, which is aesthetic, thus a stalled

way of seeing: one shore of estuary & white mosaic,
one dark necessary citadel that draws us on.

RICHARD LYONS

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dren close behind him shouting and pulling at him.

"He must be the village idiot," Bill said.

Here, 30 years earlier, is Crane in "The Monster," describing a group of children gawking at the mutilated black man who has saved one of them from fire at cost to himself of his human features. He has become (in a story that Ralph Ellison was to find richly suggestive) literally a creature without a face:

> Little Jimmie and many companions came around the corner of the stable. They were all in what was popularly known as the baby class, and consequently escaped from school a half-hour before the other children. They halted abruptly at sight of the figure on the box. Jimmie waved his hand with the air of a proprietor.
>
> "There he is," he said.

Crane's descriptive austerity in such passages was a form of resistance to what he deemed to be the human predilection for turning phenomena into symbols. If there is a Christian action anywhere in Crane's work, it is this black man's effort to save a child. Yet his scars are read not as stigmata, but as marks of Cain. There was, finally, a difference between William James's account of mind and Crane's. For James, the capacity of the mind to formulate new truths under the pressure of new experience (for example, black men can be heroic) was the measure of man's freedom and his improvisatory genius. For Crane, by contrast, the productions of the mind are generally bad jokes at the expense of the observer and the observed: "The dead man and the living man exchanged a long look," he writes early in *The Red Badge of Courage*, bringing characteristically into focus what might be termed the junction between visual experience and the will to believe. There is, of course, no exchange here at all. It is language that makes the relation between living and dead seem reciprocal, and it is such fanciful language that becomes, for Crane, not the guarantor of truth, but its enemy.

THIS SORT of enmity, as Edmund Wilson pointed out, had already taken hold in the American literary imagination well before the turn of the century, in the clean-swept prose of John W. DeForest, Ambrose Bierce, and many others (including Ulysses S. Grant, in his memoirs). Though Crane had no idea about war before he wrote *The Red Badge of Courage*, he touched many readers who had endured the real thing. His writing was so persuasive that one veter-

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The "Troubles" in Israel

Should Israel withdraw from the "West Bank" and Gaza?

For more than six months now, the "troubles" in Israel have been daily front page features and daily fare on the evening television news. Many thoughtful people may have come to the conclusion that peace could come to this troubled part of the world if the Israelis were to withdraw from Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and from Gaza and if they turned these areas over to the Arabs.

What are the facts?

■ It is a fundamental error to believe that the "occupied territories" are at the root of the problem in Palestine. When the British resigned the Palestine mandate in 1948, the United Nations offered a partition plan to the Jews and Arabs living in the area. The Arabs rejected that partition plan out of hand. The Jews accepted partition into a gerrymandered crazy-quilt and even accepted the internationalization of Jerusalem. This diminished and indefensible territory was to be the dreamed-of Jewish homeland and the haven for the pitiful remnants of Nazi Holocaust survivors.

■ But the Arabs would not allow this to happen. It called for "jihad" — holy war. Five Arab armies attacked the Jewish state at the very moment of its birth. They were defeated, but they managed to occupy and to stay in control of the "West Bank", of Gaza, and of the eastern part of Jerusalem. The Arabs were the occupiers: the Jordanians in the "West Bank" and the Egyptians in Gaza.

■ The goal of the terror group known as the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) was obviously not to "liberate" Judea/Samaria and Gaza, which were under Arab control, but to "wipe Israel off the map and to send the Jews back to Poland, where they belong". These goals and sentiments are embedded in the PLO Covenant. The PLO continues to oppose any policy that does not include the destruction of Israel or calls for the establishment of a "secular state" in Palestine instead of Israel. One would expect that to be on the model of Lebanon. It's not an attractive prospect for the Jews of Israel, or for its Arab citizens, for that matter.

■ In 1967, following the victorious Six-Day War, another war that had been imposed on Israel by the Arabs, Israel assumed the administration of Judea/Samaria and Gaza, and united the liberated city of Jerusalem as the nation's capital. Israel's intent, declared and repeated over and over, was to return most of these territories to Arab control, as part of a comprehensive peace treaty. But in the Arab League Khartoum conference, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their "three unalterable no's": no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel. The purpose of the Arabs to "wipe Israel off the map" was re-asserted.

■ People in the United States believe that conflict between nations can be resolved or at least be kept from exploding. Even the cold war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. takes place in a context of relative civility. But the enmity of the Arabs against Israel is of a different nature altogether. For the last 40 years, the Arabs have committed themselves almost single-mindedly to the destruction of Israel — by war, by terror, and now by mob violence, sending their women and teen-age children to throw Molotov cocktails at Israeli soldiers.

■ There is yearning for peace in Israel, a deep desire to be done with the wars that have been pressed on it without surcease since the very day of its birth. And Israel has proven that it is ready to make territorial concessions for peace. That's what happened with Egypt, to which Israel returned the vast Sinai Peninsula — over 90% of the territory taken by Israel in the Six-Day War — in exchange for recognition and peace. But much greater guarantees with responsible and immediately involved governments would be required to induce Israel to cede any territories in Gaza and Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). Because without the "West Bank", Israel would be militarily indefensible. It would be only nine miles wide at its "waist". All of its major population centers, its industries, its military installations would be within easy mortar range of enemies on the "West Bank". Before Israel could make any further territorial concessions at all, it would have to have ironclad guarantees. And for that to happen, the Arabs must rethink the role of Israel in the Middle East and their relationship to it.

The root of the "problem" is not Israel's administration of the territories. The root is the Arabs' unalterable desire to destroy Israel. No country should be asked to commit national suicide in order to appease world public opinion. Israel is surrounded by implacable enemies. Does anybody really expect the Israelis to turn over the strategically crucial "West Bank" to those who are sworn to destroy it? No solution of the territorial dispute of the "West Bank" and Gaza is possible until the Arab nations give full recognition and acceptance to Israel and are genuinely willing to make peace and to establish full normalization of relations.

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an, when the question arose of whether the author had served in the army at all, insisted that "I was with Crane at Antietam." The battle as narrated in the novel does conform in some respects to the events at Chancellorsville in 1863, but the real secret of Crane's verisimilitude was his banishment of abstractions. He gave a sense of war as a rush of smoke, din, puss, flesh turned to pulp: an experience entirely devoid of politics or purpose.

If the sound and sight of the flapping flag are sometimes huge in Henry Fleming's consciousness, the socially inscribed meaning of the flag is quite outside his understanding. It is merely a stick from which a bit of cloth is suspended—sometimes one runs with it, sometimes toward it, sometimes away from it, depending on the direction in which instinct surges. The enemy is not a secessionist, or a slavemaster, or an ideologue of any kind; he is merely a faceless "brown swarm" from which death comes. Crane had, as John Berryman once put it, absolutely "no interest in the causes, meaning, or outcome of the war." Yet the power of his novel derived precisely from its refusal to traffic with the traditional vocabulary with which the Civil War had been represented. For Crane, the war was not an "irrepressible conflict" or an event under the direction of "superintending providence." It is because Crane's readers had been so saturated with such high-flown piety, I suspect, that they took eagerly to his astringent version of events.

Crane's contempt for the platitudes of his culture gave him what critical edge he had. He once stood up publicly, at risk to his reputation, for a chorus girl who had been unjustly arrested for streetwalking. He also wrote a story that elicited from the then New York City police commissioner, Theodore Roosevelt, the avuncular comment that "someday I want you to write another story of the frontiersman and the Mexican Greaser in which the frontiersman shall come out on top; it is more normal that way!" Yet Crane was no reformer. His interest in prostitutes and gunslingers was hardly the Progressive's concern for the maladjusted. It was, instead, an attraction to those who cut through the palaver of bourgeois hypocrisy and got right to the point.

The new edition of Crane's letters sheds some light on this aspect of his mentality—in his epistolary courtship of Nellie Crouse, for example, which begins in the chivalric mode but dries up into matter-of-fact propositions, and eventually gives way before the greater appeal of Cora Stewart, proprietress of the Hotel de Dream, who knew something about love as business. But the letters give surprisingly little help on some of the more vexing questions of Crane's career—on the problem, for instance, of which version of *The Red Badge of Courage* should be called authentic.

Along with Melville's *Typee* and Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, *The Red Badge of Courage* has now become an American classic whose variant texts are significantly at odds with one another. There is some reason to believe that the famous last sentence of the novel ("Over the river a golden ray of sun came through the hosts of leaden rain clouds") may have been coaxed out of him by his publisher and was one of many such surrenders to propriety and phony emotion. Since the publication in 1982 of a text fully based on the manuscript, however, we have two *Red Badges*: one that was never published in Crane's lifetime and that some scholars claim was the book he meant to write, another that is replete with such embellishments as the final sunburst (the book we have known since Appleton published it in 1895). Unfortunately, the letters tell us little that helps decide between the two, a situation that is, perhaps, in accord with Crane's likely attitude toward such questions: one sees what one prefers.

The real poignance of Crane's work and life is, I think, the wistfulness beneath the iconoclasm. His ferocity against the pieties of his culture, which is most evident in his gnomic poems, conceals a reluctance to give them up. He was like a child protesting boredom on the sidelines of a babyish game—belief—that he wants to play but is afraid, for fear of embarrassment, to join. When Crane died, he was at work on an unpromising novel about an Irishman in England. Henry James wrote to his widow that "I think of him with such a sense of possibilities and powers!" But Crane, unlike James himself, distrusted the imagination, which is why James was off the mark—or gallantly consolatory—with his implicit prediction that there would have been much more.

ANDREW DELBANCO

Andrew Delbanco teaches English at Columbia University. His *The Puritan Ordeal* will be published this year by Harvard University Press.

BLACK AND TAN FANTASY

Duke Ellington
by James Lincoln Collier

(Oxford University Press, 340 pp., $19.95)

When Duke Ellington died in 1974, at the age of 75, he left behind an astonishing legacy of recorded music, and a folio of hundreds of compositions ranging from simple popular tunes to extended works for orchestra. His music had been played all over the world. He had been honored at the White House several times, received many honorary degrees, and been the subject of endless study by aspiring (and expert) musicologists, instrumentalists, and arrangers. And for over 50 years, he had led a band, which featured some of the most original voices in American music. He was at home with everyone from poolhall hustlers to royalty.

Strange indeed, then, to learn from James Lincoln Collier that Ellington lacked talent, that he stumbled on his innovations in orchestration by accident, that he got into music because he had no choice, and that he stayed in it because he thought he could get rich or get women.

You would expect such claims to be buttressed by a wealth of fascinating new information and scrupulous documentation. They aren't. Collier's book is riddled with contradictions, willful distortions, and outright untruths. It is tempting to dismiss it as the work of a not-too-knowledgeable crank and leave it at that. But Ellington is not just another figure in the history of American culture (and Oxford University Press is not just another publisher). That this book is

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being passed off as a responsible study of Ellington's life and music is a scandal.

Ellington profoundly enlarged and refined the accepted notions of what could be done with the fledgling American idiom of jazz in the 1920s. Early records such as *Creole Rhapsody*, *East St. Louis Toodle-Oo*, and *Black & Tan Fantasy* opened entirely new avenues, which Ellington continued to expand throughout his life. Throughout the '30s and '40s, he deepened and broadened his achievement within the three-minute form suggested by the 78-rpm record of the time. During the same period he began composing extended pieces in earnest, mostly suites such as the great *Black, Brown and Beige*.

In the '40s, '50s, and '60s, with works like *Such Sweet Thunder*, *The Far East Suite*, and *The Tattooed Bride*, with his score for the movie *Anatomy of a Murder*, and with many other works, Ellington created an American vernacular classical music that was steeped in the idiomatic usages of jazz and the blues. He codified this heritage and used it to create an idiom sui generis, as Bartók, Dvořák, and others have done with the indigenous music of their own countries. And Ellington's significance stretched beyond the world of music, of course, particularly during the '30s and '40s, when Hollywood was busily disseminating stereotyped images of blacks as buffoons and domestics.

The musicians whom Ellington led through the shifting, sometimes treacherous terrain of America were extremely creative men from different backgrounds. They were strong stylists and strong personalities. Leading the band must, on many nights, have been every bit as easy as getting Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Marvelous Marvin Hagler, Jesse Helms, and Bob Dylan to sing four-part harmony. It was Ellington's genius to make a singular musical unity of such diversity, demonstrating in the process the extent to which jazz is democratic in its essence. Ellington was able not just to manage those men, but to command their respect, musically and otherwise, while traveling a schedule of one-nighters that would give a presidential candidate the blues.

No easy task, then, for a biographer. Collier is not unaware of the challenge of tracing Ellington's trajectory through American culture. He seems to have done a lot of work, but he is one of those upon whom nearly everything is lost. His argument is that Ellington's background burdened him with an artistic ambition that exceeded his capabilities, which were meager; and that this ambition skewed Ellington's sense of his true task and resulted in the breakdown of his career. Writing in a *faux* academic style, Collier grounds his case on sloppy and offensive misconceptions about race and class in America, and about the relation of jazz to European classical music.

He begins by saying, rightly, that to understand "who Duke Ellington was" requires coming to grips with the historical background of Ellington's upbringing in turn-of-the-century Washington, D.C. So Collier devotes all of three pages to a history of race relations in the South, from Emancipation through World War I, with special emphasis on the sociocultural milieu of blacks in Washington, circa 1900-20. He proceeds to use this sketch as the basis for sweeping assumptions about Ellington's personality and motivation.

Ellington's father, for instance, was a butler who worked for a prominent Washington family and even served at the White House. He wasn't born to finery, but he made a point of learning about it and passing a feeling for it on to his children, making sure that they dressed well and had the best things that he could afford. For Collier, that means that Ellington's father "put on airs," and he believes that Ellington inherited this kind of presumption from his father. Collier gives no convincing human sense of Ellington's father at all—he is painted as a low-born black buck who amusingly tried to learn about cutlery and wine from the white folks. Instead, Collier generalizes about the importance of "middle-class manners" among blacks of the time and invokes those manners to explain almost everything about Ellington, from his dislike of the word "jazz" to his delight at meeting the queen of England.

This condescension about black "middle-class manners" runs all through the book. We are told that the blacks of turn-of-the-century Washington misguidedly cultivated a "formal manner of dress and deportment," and "an abhorrence of sexual display, drunkenness, and . . . open emotionalism." They expressed interest in "the Three B's [Bach, Beethoven, Brahms], Greek statuary, the plays of Shakespeare," and various other manifestations of a culture they had "trouble laying claim to." According to Collier, this accounts for Ellington's

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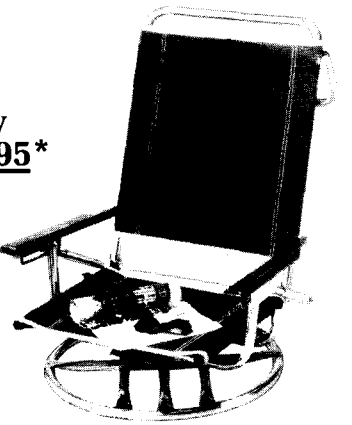

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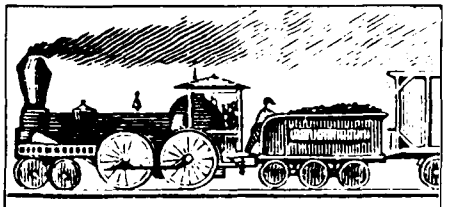

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tragic flaw, which is the grand theme toward which his biography builds. In Collier's judgment, Ellington's later extended pieces originated not from a genuinely artistic impulse, but from a desire to be seen in a certain light—as a great artist, European-style, a little like those pieces of Greek statuary that Washington blacks apparently worshiped. "Duke Ellington had come," says Collier, "from a middle-class home where the word 'composer' almost automatically came attached to the word 'great.' He knew—or thought he knew—what an artist was and, if that was what he was, he ought to live up to the role."

FOR COLLIER, self-respect in blacks almost always springs from an ulterior motive, usually stemming from some anxiety about social position. Whether Collier is rhapsodically speculating on what Sidney Bechet and Bessie Smith (those "two passionate, barely controlled jazz masters") talked about in bed, or asserting that "jazz is emotion more than design," the proper mode for black people seems to be raw sensuality, untamed by the Victorian uptightness with which white society is unfortunately saddled. When they do show signs of propriety, musically or socially, blacks are betraying their roots.

Collier reveals his assumptions clearly at the beginning of a chapter on the Cotton Club, the famous Harlem spot where black entertainment appeared before a white clientele. It was Ellington's most important early venue. Collier aims to place the Cotton Club in the larger context of the history of American race relations, and he begins with this statement: "The relationship of American whites to the minority of blacks among them has always been far more complex than simply that of master to servant." I'll say. He goes on: "White Americans have felt both attracted to and repelled by the blacks in their midst. Blacks have seemed, to many of them, coarse and uncivilized, and, even today, some whites believe that blacks are inherently criminal." Which blacks? Bill Cosby? Mantan Moreland? Thurgood Marshall? Attracted by what? Repelled by what? "On the other hand," he continues, "many Americans have been curious about blacks and black folkways and have been keen to get to know more about them."

Leave aside, for the moment, the implication that there is a difference between Americans and blacks. Collier's examples of the black folkways that whites have been curious about are "slaves dancing and singing in the cabins," and "honky-tonks, brothels, and wine barrel rooms" in "black enclaves," which also feature "illicit sex, drugs, drink, and erotic entertainment." This, for Collier, is the real thing, the true province of the archetypal black American, the Real Negro. It was this Real Negro to whom Collier referred in his previous book, a biography of Louis Armstrong, when he wrote: "The black American had no time for art. . . . He did not read books because he was illiterate, and he did not go to theaters, concert halls, art galleries because he was barred from them. The only art form he practiced was music, and this was for the most part at a rudimentary level." With a single stroke Collier excludes from the image of "the" black American Frederick Douglass, W. E. B. DuBois, Langston Hughes, Martin Luther King Jr., and all those Ph.D.s that Howard and Tuskegee turned loose on the honky-tonks and wine barrel rooms of the world.

IN ESSENCE, Collier has no quarrel with a picture of America that has blacks as the underworld and whites as the knowing but anxious masters who need blacks in order to escape their own hang-ups and repressions. This helps explain the sense of betrayal the author seems to feel about Ellington's attempts to write extended pieces that seem to him "European." It helps explain why Collier repeatedly refers to the band members as "schoolboys," "naughty boys," "children," and finally compares the musicians to circus animals controlled by Ellington with a whip and a handful of peanuts.

Collier sneers whenever blacks suggest some acquaintance with European culture. He views the claim—by Billy Strayhorn, an extraordinary arranger and pianist who joined the Ellington band in 1939—that he and Ellington read all of Shakespeare in preparation for composing their Shakespearean suite, *Such Sweet Thunder*, "with a certain skepticism." He "seriously doubts" whether any of the band members had ever heard Chopin. And how did Ellington discover his own, unborrowed musical techniques? Collier says, "I have no doubt that he stumbled upon the tonic-flat sixth relationship . . . simply by looking down at his fingers as they played a C major chord and saying to himself, What if I spread these two fingers?" This is idiotic.

There is more; there is worse. We are

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constantly told how lazy Ellington was, how he left everything to the last moment, how he "never wrote without a recording deadline," how he was "not equipped to enter into intellectual discussions," how "he was simply not interested in preserving the past for the future." His lack of skill "forced" him into innovation. He got into music because he "had little choice." In the late 1920s, "the real money was in song writing," so "it was inevitable that Ellington would try." He assumed the leadership of his first band "subtly . . . quietly, adroitly, so that the men, without quite knowing how it happened, found that he was setting the direction for the band." Collier never bothers to support these kinds of assertions; his assurance is supposed to be proof enough. "I am certain," he drawls, that Duke would not have been able to analyze his own scores.

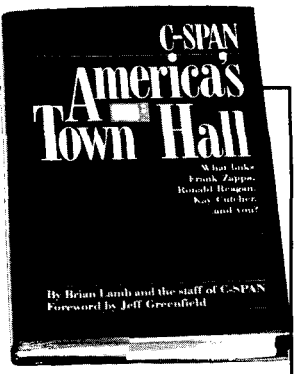
COLLIER'S VIEW of the shape of Ellington's career, of the direction of his development, is simply wrong, and facts are distorted or omitted to make it seem right. According to Collier, Ellington's life and career is an arch with 1940 as its peak: Ellington is a stumblebum at the beginning, and the band starts falling apart after World War II. Sometimes, though, the facts aren't quite dead, and they crawl back to the party and point an accusing finger at Collier.

For instance, in the beginning of the book, Ellington and his cohorts arrive in New York, from Washington, in 1923. Constant references are made to the band's lack of musicianship and Ellington's weakness as a pianist. Collier says, "They failed miserably [at getting work]—Duke jokingly spoke of sharing a hot dog three ways—and their inability to find work in booming times suggests they were still a long way from being accomplished musicians." Of course, New York City is notoriously difficult to crack; one is expected to scuffle for a while. Yet within five months Ellington had become, according to Collier himself, the protégé of the great Harlem stride pianist Willie "The Lion" Smith, and the replacement for Fats Waller in Clarence Robinson's band. And Ellington's band was booked into one of the most important clubs in Harlem, backing the well-known entertainer Bricktop, and, finally, into a major Broadway nightclub for an extended stay. This might suggest to an unbiased mind that they were not without talent. Collier has another explanation: Smith helped them "undoubtedly" because of their "middle-class manners." And with Bricktop too, "Once again, no doubt, middle-class manners paid off."

Over 200 pages of Collier's book are devoted to the band's first 20 years. Collier spends barely 60 pages on the last 30 years. The implication is that little of consequence occurred in those years, aside from a swift disintegration. (At a recent meeting of the Duke Ellington Society in New York City, perhaps sensing that this view is not universally accepted, Collier tried to blame the disproportion on his publisher; he claimed that Oxford would not have published, for financial reasons, a book that was long enough to address properly the last three-fifths of Ellington's creative life.) The late chapters set the tone with their titles: "The Old Hands Begin to Depart," "Decline and Fall," "The Final Days." "The glory days were done," Collier writes. "The party, which had gone on for 20 years, was over." And, "The band was collapsing—the roof leaking, the walls beginning to sag."

WHAT EXACTLY was going on during those 30 years of alleged decline and fall? Briefly, Ellington was composing some of the most stunning music of his career. He had begun producing extended pieces, such as *The Tattooed Bride* and *A Tone Parallel to Harlem*, that amounted to a redefinition, by extension, of the characteristic idioms of American music, changing the notion of what it was possible to do with the standard jazz big band. These extended pieces used thematic techniques and structural approaches that were thoroughly characteristic of American forms—not, as Collier assumes, of European ones. The effect of the late music on the next generation of composers and arrangers, among them Charles Mingus and Gil Evans, was profound (although Collier never once addresses the matter of Ellington's influence). This all culminated in the staggering film score for *Anatomy of a Murder*, which Collier lists in a string of titles and never mentions again. It has been reissued by CBS Special Products and is the closest thing we have to a vernacular American symphony.

Collier tries to make it seem that Ellington's popularity dropped off radically after World War II. He quotes fragments of bad reviews, incomplete poll results, and press notices to make it look as if the press and the fans had deserted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the band and didn't buy the records. For example, we are fed a sentence from *Down Beat* in 1949: "Isn't it about time the Ellington orchestra was disbanded before what's left of a great reputation is completely dragged in the muck?" This view is said to be "representative of what jazz fans and the music business, in general, felt," except for a brief period around 1956. What Collier never mentions is that Ellington's band won first place in the annual Down Beat Critics' Poll in 1953, and then every year from 1958 through 1972. The same poll put Ellington in first place as composer every year from 1959 through 1974. The Down Beat Readers' Poll voted Ellington first place as composer in 1957 and '58, then every year but one from 1963 through 1973; the big band came in first place seven times during the 1960s. And so on.

THE BEST ANTIDOTE to Collier's voodoo musicology is to listen for yourself. Three Ellington classics from what may have been his greatest period (1956-66) are again available, showing Ellington at his creative peak in the extended forms that Collier finds so inappropriate. They document perhaps the most impressive "decline and fall" in the annals of 20th-century music.

The earliest of these, *Such Sweet Thunder* (Columbia), a 1957 suite, is a series of meditations on characters, themes, and scenes from Shakespeare. Consider the nobility, the pride, and the tragedy in "Sonnet for Caesar," with its brooding and unsentimental sadness. Collier accuses Ellington and his collaborator, Strayhorn, of scraping together already-written material, which they "attached to the characters in the best way [they] could find." But Ellington is clearly drawing on certain structural techniques that make use of, or comment on, Shakespeare's own techniques. Some of the best music in the suite is to be found in a series of "sonnets"—tone poems, if you will—inspired by individual characters. And since they are sonnets, each piece consists of 14 phrases of ten notes apiece.

The 1959 film score for Otto Preminger's *Anatomy of a Murder* (Columbia and Rykodisc) takes things a few steps further. At first it appears to be another suite, consisting of short, apparently self-contained mood pieces. But the pieces are subtly and ingeniously braided together—a theme stated early on in a chalumeau clarinet solo shows up later as a muted introduction for brass choir, a main theme reappears completely reharmonized, or reorchestrated, or at a different tempo. Ellington uses the theme-and-variations technique to brilliant advantage here, adding layer upon layer of meaning to the thematic material. Rhythmically and melodically, the two main themes of the piece—the first a bluesy, rueful melody; the second a ballad—are closely related, almost mirror images of each other. Mingus once said of Charlie Parker that he could tell you which girl he was thinking about by the way he played. By the time of *Anatomy of a Murder*, Ellington could make muted trumpets sound like afternoon sunlight on the side of a brick building.

Finally, if more proof of Collier's wrongheadedness is necessary, there is Ellington's 1966 *Far East Suite* (RCA), especially the 11-minute-long "Ad Lib On Nippon," a sort of extended piece-within-a-suite. Ellington's piano is in the foreground for most of the piece, dominating everything with a touch that knows exactly how to wrangle what it wants from the piano, messing with the instrument's overtones, playing ringing, strummed note clusters. The piece opens with Ellington, accompanied by bass and drums, apparently out of tempo, yet really in tempo. The harmonic valence of the section is so unusual that a first listening might not uncover the fact that Ellington is playing the blues. The trio shifts into an up-tempo second theme, a descending repeated phrase with a contrasting second chorus over a Latin beat, then the full band comes in roaring with this second pair of themes. There is a beautiful rubato third theme played by the pianist, then Jimmy Hamilton introduces another up-tempo section, a jagged, asymmetrical melody for clarinet. The whole piece has the looseness of an improvised performance, although there is very little improvisation in it.

Ellington's reputation will survive Collier's biography, of course. And, happily, much of the music of the late period has recently been reissued. Why not take $19.95 and instead of wasting it on this book, buy, say, *Such Sweet Thunder* and *The Far East Suite*, and refresh yourself with the truth?

TOM PIAZZA

Tom Piazza is working on a novel and writing a guide to recorded jazz for Vintage Books.

UP FROM MISERY

Letourneau's Used Auto Parts by Carolyn Chute

(Ticknor & Fields, 244 pp., $16.95)

Poverty, you would think, means spareness: a lean and stripped existence, a dearth of extraneous objects. But readers of Carolyn Chute's fiction soon learn that's not the case—at least, not when poverty is extreme; not when it occurs in rural Maine. First in *The Beans of Egypt, Maine*, and now in *Letourneau's Used Auto Parts*, her even more powerful second novel, the characters appear to be drowning in a sea of clutter. Everything around them is bent, broken, rusty, or peeling, and it presses close upon them, just as the other people press close in their cramped and poorly lit dwellings.

Bedrooms are lined with naked insulation stamped ASSURED THERMAL PERFORMANCE, yards are littered with shivering dogs, kitchen floors squish with egg salad sandwiches dropped by runny-nosed children, the toilets are stopped up, the bathtubs are full of "cold milky-looking water," and the walls are plastered with Rambo posters and Smurf posters and Rocky posters. When the wind blows, it blows cigarette packs.

Small wonder that many readers turn away in protest. "Have you read Carolyn Chute?" you ask them, and the answer is often "Oh, well, yes, um . . . or at least, I *started*, but I was feeling a little depressed at the time and so I just sort of, I don't know . . ." The fact is, though, that the final effect of her nov-

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els is anything but depressing. In part, that's because of the vitality of the characters. They are positively teeming with life; they may be miserable but they're also fierce, in the most heartening and salutary way.

Even more important, Chute's writing style is so forthright and assured, so absolutely unlike anyone else's, that it works a kind of alchemy. She writes from a position more or less within her characters' world—"more or less" because while she has experienced at first hand some of their harsh living conditions, she is certainly not by birth a Bean or a Letourneau, and so she is able to articulate what they themselves could not. She can be uproariously funny, but she's never cruel. Or almost never. There is one unfortunate moment in this new book, but significantly enough, the cruelty is directed not toward a backwoodsman but toward a couple of young teachers slumming in a local bar.

Letourneau's Used Auto Parts has for its hero (in the true sense of the word) Big Lucien Letourneau, who runs an auto salvage yard in Egypt, Maine. Lucien just loves to marry women and father babies, for all of whom he assumes full responsibility forever after. Thus his house and the shacks, trailers, and camps sprawling around his house are filled with his ex-wives and children, not to mention his various relatives with their colorful French accents. And whenever he finds any others in need—a homeless old woman, a family evicted for non-payment of rent, an employee down on his luck—why, he feels responsible for them as well. Soon his property is chockablock with Egypt's walking wounded, and the town fathers are shaking their heads. Enter the code man, the book's only real villain. No sooner does the code man chase a family from a dilapidated trailer than they move into an even more dilapidated toolshed, and then another family arrives in the dead of night to take over the trailer.

The book covers a number of years—how many, we're never told; but characters who start out as teenagers have become parents by the end, and Big Lucien has used up several wives. Also, his fortunes have gone steadily downhill. As one of his ex-wives says, "It costs a lot to have a heart of gold." He is forced to switch from dismantling wrecked autos to simply crushing them, which brings quicker money. Even then his men are always having to wait for their pay, which means more poor people hanging on to Big Lucien's shirttails—a vicious circle, as poverty so often is.

What prevents the reader from sinking into a swamp of despair is the story's tone, which is swooping and abrupt and energetic. It's as if the writer had never read any other writers' books—as if she approached her own book without preconceptions about the way one says things in print, as opposed to the way one speaks to someone else across a kitchen table. "He smells her weird hippie food, her weird hippie ways." And, "He lights up a Lucky. Don't blackflies hate Lucky Strikes!" And, "All the Letourneau sheets are this kind of white . . . the work of Tante Flavie and Tante Josephine, who are big on bleach."

Descriptions are vivid, accurate, and yet offhanded, as if the writer had dipped casually into a gunnysack of stray words and come up, as it so happens, with exactly the right ones. A deception, obviously; for how canny she is, with her "cold hard boil of rain," her "dark lustrous soups," and the "moon you can see through, like Kleenex." And again, as in her first book, she employs a sort of hyperbole of vagueness—referring to "a Crocker" and "the newest old woman" and "Big Lucien's current wife" as if Crockers, old women, and wives were multitudinous beyond numbering. She sets certain characters in fixed positions that become their theme songs, so to speak: one woman is forever asleep on the divan, so that all we ever see of her is a hand poking out of a mint-colored blanket; a man sleeps with his head on the kitchen table through chapter after chapter.

Reading this book is a visceral experience, with none of the five senses left uninformed. Smells are important (that man with his head on the table smells "like the inside of a motor running hot"), but sounds are even more so, particularly the dialogue. Often, the snatches of conversation that float across the pages seem startlingly immediate:

> "Gross Monsieur Pluto doesn't ALLOW people to keep bugs in jars! Go let 'em out . . . NOW!"
> "But Mama . . . he LIKES it in there!"
> "No, he don't. Let him out."
>
> "I'm calling the deputy now!" a voice wails a few doors down. "Roger's dialing the phone now! He's dialed the first three numbers!"
>
> "Who wants cake?" Tante Lucienne's voice wonders.
> "What kind?" A child's voice.
> "Plain."
> "Yukk."

The book's one difficulty is that the beginning offers no help to readers trying desperately to sort out the characters. You may be a third of the way along before you're really sure who's who. And where's Big Lucien? you keep wondering. Oddly enough, he is the character who makes himself scarcest. We catch only the briefest glimpse of him from time to time. But ultimately that's the book's most effective device, because it turns him into a sort of myth, which is no more than proper.

"In Lucien's eyes," an ex-wife says, "everything is dear. . . . Everything is a miracle." And therefore everyone wants to be near him. When, on the last page, Big Lucien shows up looking as unprepossessing as always ("Weak-looking shoulders. A small man. What some would call a 'shrimp' "), we're surprised all over again, and we're almost worried for him. But then a small child spots him and leaps into his arms without a word. So Big Lucien prevails. As will all these people, we believe. That is Carolyn Chute's deepest kindness to them: her faith in their strength, however grubby and disorderly their lives.

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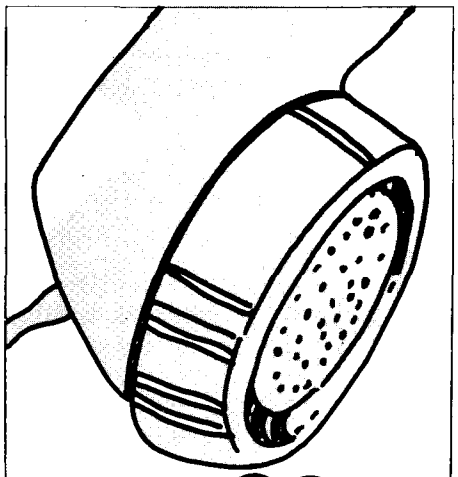

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

ment, and against other members of a field. The same approach was used in evaluating black candidates. Thus, the affirmative action process in no way requires one to favor less qualified applicants. The department could have decided to hire no one if the candidates were only "minimally qualified."

If blacks receive jobs that have an affirmative action label, a stigma may be attached to them that hinders their careers. This creates a no-win situation, for without affirmative action programs, many places would lack a commitment to hire blacks, leaving blacks with no chance at academic careers. This dilemma, if not removed, will discourage black talent from entering doctoral programs, which itself will work against recruiting black undergraduates. One way to eliminate these problems is to cease promoting unsupported attacks on affirmative action programs.

STEVEN M. DELUE
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

FOR THE 'TAKING'

To the editors:

Daniel Farber's criticism of my views on the taking clause of the Constitution (" 'Taking' Liberties," June 27) halfheartedly acknowledges that it takes a theory to be a theory. It then proceeds to provide us with none. Farber would confine the takings clause to cases where the government either takes possession of land for its own use or authorizes the entry of ordinary citizens. His effort has two fatal defects. First, it does not account for the rent control statutes whose constitutionality Farber defends. Rent control gives sole occupancy of the landlord's apartment to the tenant at below-market prices. The physical entry is palpable, the compensation is wholly inadequate, and its ostensible justification (to prevent wartime congestion) shopworn.

Second, Farber's account of takings is more crabbed than the Supreme Court's. Is a statute barring an owner from selling his property at all not a taking? Or one that says that the land must remain vacant and worthless? Farber's theory requires these outlandish results. Yet from Roman law to the present, no legal system has ever championed so narrow a definition of property. It is fine for the legislature to correct its own mistakes. But so long as landlords are outnumbered by tenants, it won't happen, no matter how great the social losses. The intellectual mainstream offers no reason why heightened judicial scrutiny should not be used to counter political excesses, for property as well as speech and religion.

RICHARD A. EPSTEIN
Chicago, Illinois

POUNDING IT HOME

To the editors:

I was shocked to read Joe Queenan's attack on folksingers ("If I Had a Hammer," May 16). If one is going to vent one's spleen against performers that deserve vitriolic attacks, then one should focus on the true scourge of street corners, plazas, and subways, namely: mimes. Try to walk from the Metropolitan Museum to Lincoln Center—without being accosted by a mime, tin cup at the ready position, face smeared with greasepaint, grimacing in their red noses and painted faces.

While I was president of Lincoln Center, I accomplished many things and helped start up many programs such as Mostly Mozart and Live from Lincoln Center, of which I am very proud. But I am also proud that Marcel Marceau never performed there.

JOHN W. MAZZOLA
New York, New York

MORE ARTISTIC INJUSTICE

To the editors:

In the Washington Diarist ("Murder in the Court," June 20) Michael Kinsley has a giggle at my expense for comparing the " 'artistic injustice' of a negative review to the burdens of racism and homelessness." Yes, that does sound pretty foolish, except I didn't say it. What I actually wrote was that the ego pains caused by undervaluating or overpraising artists were "hardly serious conditions when compared with the plight of the homeless and the underprivileged," though I still thought artistic injustice worthy of notice. And I wasn't referring primarily to "negative reviews" either, but rather to the way false standards of judgment—which is to say critical lies—were being insinuated into our society through guilt or intimidation. This is a spiritual condition, and has nothing to do with special tax laws for artist, which I don't support. But it has everything to do with respect for the integrity of art, which is still pretty rare even in advanced liberal circles.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Blobs

WILLIAM BENNETT LIKES to beat up on public schools for diverting money that could be spent in the classroom to an ever growing administrative layer of bureaucrats that Bennett calls "the Blob." For example, Bennett says that during the last ten years, while the Chicago municipal school system lost 18 percent of its students and eight percent of its classroom teachers, the number of administrators increased by 47 percent. I share the education secretary's outrage at such misuse of public funds, but as a reporter temporarily assigned to the education beat, I've been terrorized by a slightly different animal: the Non-profit Blob. This creature consists of dozens of councils, associations, and foundations, most of them located in Dupont Circle, the non-profit heart of Washington. Like the public Blob, the Non-profit Blob siphons taxpayer dollars (in the form of tax breaks) into marginally useful activity—in this case, the production of more studies, conferences, and press releases than I once thought possible. The Non-profit Blob has done almost nothing to improve education, but it is wildly successful in pampering the press. My usual beat is Capitol Hill, so I'm used to sifting through a lot of mail, but when it comes to producing useless paper, the United States Congress has nothing on the Non-profit Blob. The letters and packages pile up for days until I force myself to prospect for real news. I'm nearly always disappointed. Want to know the winners of the 1988 Close-Up Foundation's Citizen Bee? I'm sure I've got them here someplace.

WITHIN DAYS after I'd started covering education, a Non-profit Blob functionary called to ask me a few questions for a survey she was conducting of "educators." I asked what had led her to me. She said she'd been told I was the education reporter. I remained confused for a moment, until it dawned on me that the Non-profit Blob thinks education reporters *are* educators—or at least wants them to cultivate that self-image. I testily informed the Blobette that I was a journalist, and that if she wanted to do a survey of journalists sometime she could give me a call. But the love-bombing often works. A few weeks later I appeared on a panel at an education writers convention to talk up a story I'd written about a high school in South Carolina. Although I'd hoped for an opportunity to swap stories with some hard-bitten reporters about what snake-oil salesmen most "educators" are, many of the journalists were casually referring to themselves as "educators" and appeared to believe wholeheartedly in the education establishment's agenda: no more interference from state legislatures, more federal aid to schools, and abolish standardized tests. Education may be the only beat in American journalism where complete identification with your sources carries not a hint of taboo. In fact, it has a certain cachet; reporters are flattered to think of themselves as beacons of learning. The next thing you know, we'll be calling each other "doctor."

JIM WRIGHT'S BOOK DEAL is a fresh occasion to examine TRB's law of scandals, which says that when wrongdoing is exposed, the real scandal is what's legal. Wright's whopping 55 percent royalty for a cut-and-paste anthology of his *pensées* cleverly circumvents House rules on outside income: book royalties are exempt (out of misplaced respect for the written word and because books by politicians don't usually generate much cash). Bulk buyers of *Reflections of a Public Man* such as the Teamsters, whose 2,000 copies netted Wright nearly $7,000, obviously have an interest in lining the Speaker's pockets. (And, it turns out, the Speaker wasn't the only one to make a crude cash-grab. Senator Dave Durenberger made an equally sleazy deal for two cut-and-paste books of his own. See Notebook, page 11.) But the ethics committee has said it is only interested in the narrow question of whether Wright used the book to launder campaign funds. At this early date in Washington's moral evolution, bribes remain acceptable, but kickbacks are beyond the pale.

THE WRIGHT AFFAIR is a good example of how Washingtonians think they are discussing ethics when they are really discussing etiquette. Practically no one is grappling with the compelling question of whether Wright's actions are morally wrong. The worry is that he created "the appearance of impropriety," or, in the worst case, broke the law (which is the ultimate breach of manners). Hence the emphasis on questions such as whether Wright should chair the Democratic convention and how this will inhibit Democrats' use of the "sleaze" issue in November. If Wright had only minded his table manners, he might have avoided a ruckus.

ONE PIECE OF the Wright scandal that's fizzling fast is Wright's use of a staff member to work on the book on government time. The federal government routinely subsidizes congressional ghostwriting, not only for books, but for magazine articles and op-ed pieces. And the practice doesn't end with the written word. When a member of Congress receives an honorarium from a special-interest group, he usually has to give a speech. The speech is written by a staff member, almost always on the taxpayer's dollar. According to the *Washington Post*, even the erudite Daniel Patrick Moynihan employs a small army of staff members who write for him on "policy issues," a task that obviously requires a gift for parody. (One former aide said that if the stuff he wrote for Moynihan went under his own name, "I would never write in as pompous a style.") Moynihan's office assured the *Post* that he does write his books. So does Senator Richard Lugar, a point emphasized by several present and former Lugar aides at a recent book-signing party. Although I'm happy to learn that there are limits to what TNR has called "The Culture of Plagiarism," I'm not sure that in this case it makes much difference. Senators get paid by the government too. The citizens who vote for them expect them to spend their office hours doing government business. So do reporters. About a year ago I called Lugar's office sometime between 9 and 5 during a weekday to ask him to comment on some now-forgotten piece of news. I was told he couldn't speak to me because he was working on his book. I'm not inclined to get too huffy about this, but surely when members of Congress scribble for profit or self-aggrandizement while they're supposed to be conducting public business, it's nothing to brag about.

TIMOTHY NOAH

Timothy Noah is a Washington correspondent for *Newsweek*.

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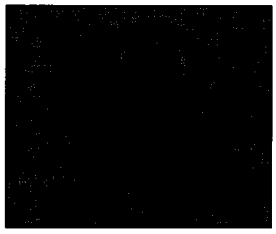

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